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MEMOIRS OF MYSELF.

BY

PILL GARLICK.

"Jétois sans biens, sans métier, sans génie,
Et j'avois lu quelques méchans Auteurs,
Mordu du chien de la metromanie,
Le mal me prit, je suis auteur aussi."

Le Pauvre Diable!

He who's elated by the Rabble's shout,
Adopts the vulgar and the low throughout.
With careful step PILL hopes that snare to shun,
In which the *would-be* witty, always run,
For he, like modest scribblers, claims pretence,
To judgment, manners, taste and eloquence.

Hints to Young Authors.

London:

SOLD BY JOHN MILLER, 34, BOW-STREET,
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INTRODUCTION.

My dear Public,

Don Quixote said to Sancho Panza, when speaking about writing the history of their never-enough-to-be-celebrated-achievements, "*El Poeta* "*puede contar, o cantar las cosas, no* "*como fueron, sino como debian ser, y* "*el Historiador las ha de escribir, no* "*como debian ser, sino como fueron,* "*sin añadir, ni quitar a la verdad cosa* "*alguna.*" i. e. The Poet may relate or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to be; and the Historian has to write them, not as they

ought to be, but as they actually were, without exaggerating or diminishing the truth in any thing. Now this is certainly a delicate case, when the historian writes 'Memoirs of Himself,' and that too whether his life be a series of virtuous actions, or a combination of bad ones. If he declaims upon the one, it is self-praise, and the egotist is treated with scorn; if he touches upon the other, he is not only taken at his word, but is considered ten times worse than what he represents, on the mere supposition that the dark part of the picture is not brought in view.

Pill Garlick is one of those historians, who stands an excellent chance of not being treated with scorn, be-

cause he has no opportunity for 'self-praise,' or at least his virtuous actions occur so seldom in the history of his life, that he very prudently does not think fit to introduce them at so great a risk. On the other hand, poor man! —ah, poor man!—alas, poor man! (as Cobbet says, when a man expects to obtain justice through the laws of England) if Pill Garlick is considered ten times worse than what it has pleased Heaven and his Parents to make him, he is then, without doubt, the perfection of all wickedness; and from the breast must have sucked mischief more than milk.

Delicate, however, as the case may be, Pill Garlick is determined to adhere to what Don Quixote recommends to an historian.

Now, dear Public, give me leave to ask you, how often have you seen, in the Preface of a work,

'*I should never have offered the following lucubration to public consideration, but for the earnest solicitation of,*' &c.—Or, '*In consequence of the very favourable opinion expressed by several friends of reputed taste and erudition, the author ventures to submit his trifling,*' &c.—Or, '*My former publication having been received in a manner far surpassing my most sanguine expectations, I once more intrude myself,*' &c. &c. &c.

I am assured that the fairest way to judge of every thing is by experience; I will therefore, venture to hold the full amount of a midship-

man's half pay, that such sort of excuses are all blarney! That those who make them, are *determined* from the very outset to *publish*; that they have never been *solicited* to appear in print by one single friend; that they have never heard one favourable opinion expressed upon their *trifles*, and ten to one if their *former publication* ever left the shop of the publisher.

For my own part I don't know what earthly consideration could have withheld me from publicly exhibiting my first bantling. As to solicitations; sure enough I had them in plenty!—"*not to befool myself with my d——d trash*," and so forth. Opinions I also had an abundance of,

something in the same style; nay my work was abused from beginning to end, even by those who had never seen it,—not so much as the title.

Don Rosso Nodnelly, the tall man with an aquiline nose, in writing to a friend about my *animated* description of him and a pirate, concludes his epistle with "*so much for the veracity of Pill Garlick*," thinking, no doubt, by this little pungent philippic to send Pill Garlick and his work to the devil. A friend of mine happens very apropos, to furnish me with a remark admirably adapted as a reply to Don Rosso, viz. If a jest of mine unwarily excited merriment, whereby the *Jestee* was rather too closely shaved, it would give me

extreme concern, in the reflection that I had written,

'A line, which dying, I would wish to blot.'

If then in the 'ardour of composition' truth has led me astray, (for truth may mislead us) I am sensibly alive to sorrow; but mark me, Don Rosso; let not malevolence prevent me from applying a balsam to the hurt, which, without malevolence, I occasioned.

A worthy Baronet from the north of Ireland, declared that his Cook would have blushed as red as a coal, to use such hotch-potch quotations, and dogs'-meat Latin, as I interlarded my kitchen stuff with upon every occasion; yet when I shewed him the newspapers, the Spectators and Guardians from

whence I generally borrowed my latin, he was not quite sure that it was so bad; but, at the same time insisted that my outlandish quotations at best, are all stupidly pedantic; and added,

> 'Can you not find plain English stuff,
> To match your meaning well enough,
> Without your filching shreds from Gallia,
> Or flimsy gauze from soft Italia?'

To which I replied with some indifference, though in perfect good humour,—*Audite doctissime vir!*—

> *'De railler d'un plaisant qui ne sait pas nous plaire,*
> *C'est ce que tout lecteur eut toujours droit de faire.'*

A Cousin, who acknowledged he flung away my book in disgust before he waded *half* through it, told me that

I was not content with dragging in a quotation upon '*every*' subject in the book that happened to be connected with the history, but oftentimes invented trash quite foreign to the matter, for the sake of introducing a far-fetched quotation.

A lady once flattered me by saying, that there was one part of my work she admired exceedingly, and thought delightful.

"What part, pray Madam?"

"That part, Pill, my dear, which you have imitated with such unerring exactness from the novel of Henry."

You see, dear Public, that murder will out; though, I confess, I thought that the 'correspondence' at the open-

ing of the 'Life of Pill Garlick' fully exposed every fault to the lash of criticism, and might have saved people the trouble of fishing for others.

But, come; tell the truth,—have any of you ever read the Life of Pill Garlick without laughing?—I do not mean the cold laugh of contempt, I mean the laugh of mirth and diversion.—Pshaw!—It is needless to preface any longer on such a subject. Readers have, ever have had, and ever will have, their own opinion of an Author; and to change that opinion, be it right or wrong, is not within the sphere of omnipotency; still less is it in the Author's power to convert one unfavourable opinion to his favour, though he were to write as many vo-

lumes in folio as would fill the Devil's Punch-bowl, on the road between London and Portsmouth. No, sooner may he hope to calm a tempest with a song; sooner kindle fire with snow; sooner drop water in the sea and take it out again unmingled; sooner bore a hole in the earth and creep through to visit the antipodes; sooner turn the Liffey into whisky-punch and make it recoil to its source; sooner see Buonaparte at the head of an army marching from St. Helena to London, than for an author to expect, by his writings, to give himself a good name, aye, or a bad one, if his readers have formed a contrary opinion. I shall, therefore, Readers, leave your opinions to yourselves, without placing you under any apprehension of being calumniated for

your bad ones, or rewarded for your good; and as for those '*singes maladroits du talent et du génie*,' whose cross-grained tempers induce them to snarl at every page, I shall treat them as mastiffs do those barking curs, who impudently assail them on their passage; it is prettily expressed in Spanish:

> "*Alzan la pata, los mean,*
> *Y prosiguen su camino.*"

But as this may be unintelligible to those '*Beaux-esprits, ausi dépourvus du don de sentir que de l'art de definir*,' I shall give it them in their mother-tongue, thus: "They raise the leg, *squirt*, and trot on unconcerned." Let me remind them, however, *en passant*, of a trite sentence, (from Pliny, I am

told,) " No book so bad but some good may be found in it." Now, according to this rule, every book has some good in it; and a book with good in it, cannot, I take it, be a bad book; for if a whole composition is bad, it cannot, by the same rule, be a book; but Pill Garlick's is a book, to all intents and purposes a book, *ergo* a good book.

Adieu,

DEAR PUBLIC.

N. B. This book is in fact the Second Volume of the one alluded to above; the Author has only changed the title from " LIFE OF PILL GARLICK," to " MEMOIRS OF MYSELF."

ARGUMENT.

Pill descants upon the period of adolescence.—He and his friends do their utmost to murder each other.—A place called Hell.—A Princess prefers a few of Mislords Anglois to her husband.—Hanibal's oath of enmity to the Romans far surpassed by an ejaculation of a British Sailor against the French.—Vicissitudes in the life of a Gamester.—Verdun Usurers.—Sketch of a promising young man.—Ditto of a mere abject man, who born in sin, lived in it.—Scheme of paying twenty-three louis d'ors with nine.—Pill's run of good luck.—His bankruptcy at chicken hazard.—Gets in debt.—Gives excellent advice to a Shoemaker against gaming.—Gets deeper in debt.—His amazing wrath.—Meditates his escape.—Pill Garlick, Nanette, Charles II. and Nell Gwin.—Good sense of a woman ascertained by an algebraical calculation.—Prudes receive a slap in the face.

CHAPTER I.

" Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste,
" The tradesman calls—no warning voice ye hear;
" The plaintiff sues—to public shews ye haste;
" The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear;
" Who can arrest your prodigal Career?
" Who can keep down the levity of youth?
" What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
" Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth,
" Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of
" truth."

I Left the readers of a former volume with a sort of promise to return to the " pot de chambre de Lorrain" in order to relate a few more of those fashionable scenes of infamy which were there so much in vogue. If it is recollected that I acted a very tolerable part in those scenes, I hope it will also be recollected that I held in view the proverb " *Laus in ore propio vilescit,*" and that, like a good Catholic, I humbly confessed my sins and wickedness,

and with a lowly and poetical voice declared before you all, that

> In Verdun ('od rot it!) allur'd by vice,
> I drank, made fierce love, smoked, play'd cards and dice,
> In all extremes by bad example led,
> I stifled conscience, and from virtue fled.

But after all, what hobble-de-hoy will not now and then slip his tether and dabble in forbidden puddles? Hobble-de-hoy you know, Reader, is that state of adolescence between puberty and virility, when youth is, as it were, out of Nature's protection, though still unable to protect himself; and from the levity of his disposition becomes ungovernable by others; it is the period when vigour begins to conduct the sparkling blood through the purple veins, when the mind knows no bounds to pleasure, has no foresight of the future, nor experience from the past; and although this is the age in which the miseries of life begin to assail him, Youth in his own conceit thinks he begins to be happy; for when the disclosing bud of youth peeps out, every action is his danger, and every man his ambush; yet in Life's aspiring morn the land-

scape charms, the journey pleases, and the way seems strewed with flowers, Fancy adorns every scene, and Youth believes the fairy prospect true; days are but moments spent in time-beguiling sport; he suffers no grief to press him, doubt to perplex him, fear to curb him, or care to torment him: the more rigidly he was confined by his parents, and the more he was debarred from amusement, when a boy, the more he now exults in liberty, and the deeper he plunges in excess. If he was before pestered with tedious and morose admonitions, what he now dislikes is counsel and delay; he seeks only to partake of every pleasure which his age and appetite suggests, leaving reflection and repentance for grey hairs; he is, however, like a ship without a rudder in the midst of a sea, troubled with tempests and surrounded with treacherous rocks; Fate has a great share in conducting him through the danger, and Fate is not always, as poor desponding mortals say, cruel and unpropitious. An upright mind, with a common share of understanding, will, it is ten to one, clear all, and in the end arrive with better experience in the port of Prudence, than if he had remained at home listening to

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the preachings of a fond, but blind parent, or submitting to the chidings of a pedantic tutor. Far be it from me to recommend that youth should be left to Fate till he has had his fling, (his fling he *will* have) but I mean to say, that his faults should be treated with a reasonable indulgence, and that force should never be too violently exerted against nature—an over-bent bow must miss the mark—and now

Hail Verdun! not the Muses' seat,
Or where the Muses ever meet,
But where the *Meuse* in slow meanders,
Steals *without passport* down to Flanders.
Thence with accelerated motion
Proceeds to join the German ocean,
Hast'ning to quit this wretched place,
On Albion's shores to wash her mud-stain'd face.

Ah me!!!
How many of Great Britain's sons
There held in chains, they thought for ever!
Oppressed by want, beset with duns,
Envied the lot of that damn'd river!

Among the many curious fashions of Verdun none was more *à-la-mode* than duelling.

No young man thought his character creditably established till he had discharged a brace of pistols at the bosom of his friend, and no old one considered his person secure or free from insult till he had proved that he was not afraid to fight. Pill Garlick was once shot at for saying that he had eaten as good dinners in London as any man; an intimate friend of his, who happened to be present, expressed a contrary opinion, so out the two friends went to the Bois de Ballicourt,* and did their best to murder each other at six paces distant, for merely suspecting that one had eaten a better dinner than the other, in London, where neither had been for at least three years before. Pill was shot at another time by a friend for having said in the theatre that one of the actresses had too large a mouth to be styled a pretty woman; on this occasion the two friends were placed ten paces asunder, and had nearly fired away all their ammunition with the most determined bravery at each other, when suddenly the appearance of a single gens d'arme occasioned a panic, which put the whole party to flight.

* A large wood about two miles from Verdun, very agreeable for pick-nic parties; and extremely convenient for duelling and all sorts of *rencontres*.

Did mortal e'er see such d----d fools?
For nothing they go out to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And like dogs for mere nothing will bite.

On another occasion when Pill thought proper to withdraw with his winnings at piquet, his adversary (a gentleman from the county Galway) took it into his head to say that it was a villanous shame to walk off with a gentleman's cash without giving him a little bit of a chance of winning it back again. (N. B. We had been hard at it from eight in the evening till six in the morning). The altercation upon this subject became so very warm, that if the eye-balls of the disputants had been turned into bullets they would have shot them in fury at each other, and it was supposed that nothing less than the heart's blood of each could appease their rage; however, the business was amicably settled at ten paces by the discharge of a brace of Manton's *hair-triggers*, as I afterwards discovered them to be, for mine went off before I had time to level it at my friend's heart, which vexed me exceedingly. Though afterwards, upon mature deliberation, I thought I felt something

more comfortable within me at having missed my friend by accident, than I should have felt had I killed him by design; nor did I find that my reputation suffered one jot more by that accident than it would have gained had I passed my bullet through his heart. Two old and most intimate friends, an honest attorney and a gallant captain, happening to have a dispute over a few bottles of champaigne, they instantly decided upon settling it across the table, lest their animosity should evaporate with the fumes of the wine; but before they took their stations they shook hands and embraced each other, to prove to the company that no enmity existed, and that they determined to die as they had lived, bosom friends. Three several shots were fired before the police appeared, who put an end to this amicable altercation by lodging the parties in the same dungeon, where they remained ten days, and then came out arm-in-arm as good friends as ever. The Gens d'armes being always on the alert, the moment they heard the report of a pistol they used to repair to the spot, in order to seize the arms, levy fines, and lodge the parties in the Tour D'Angouléme, if they

happened to find them alive.* This was considered, on many occasions, a very happy interruption, on others, a very provoking one; however, to avoid all chance of annoyance, two gentlemen once agreed to settle their little differences by leaping together hand-in-hand off the highest rampart they could find in the fortifications of Verdun; but, after a strict examination of the works of Vauban, they could not find a spot to please them, and therefore were obliged to have recourse to some other expedient, which I do not recollect. This event cannot but recall to the memory of all admirers of Moliere the following exclamation of—of—of, I forget his name, who makes his exit with a determination to kill himself, if he finds a rock high enough to his mind:

" —Pour etre en paix dans ce desordre extrême,
Je me vais d'un rocher precipiter moi-même,
Si, dans le désespoir dont mon cœur est outré,
Je puis en rencontrer d'assez haut à mon gré,
Adieu, Monsieur !"

* The Tour D'Angouléme is a small round tower within the citadel of Verdun, where many an English prisoner has been kept in solitary confinement, and

Innumerable were the duels in this curious place, and, as is often the case elsewhere, always for mere trifles, and between friends. Some were killed, some had their arms broken, others their legs broken, all would have a shot, or *threatened* to have one, for some more prudently settled their disputes something like what we may see in the play;

1*st Gent.* " Excuse me, Sir, zounds, what d'ye mean;
I hope you don't give me the lie.
2*d Gent.* Sir, you mistake me neat and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.
1*st Gent.* Zounds! Sir, if you had, I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.
2*d Gent.* Do you challenge me, Sir?
1*st Gent.* Not I, indeed, Sir.
2*d Gent.* Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.
Old Man taught Wisdom.

I shall now conduct my readers from the duelling ground to Hell; a place so called in all parts of the world, no doubt on account of its torturing effects upon the minds of those who frequent it; in Verdun it was a

where a Mr. J. was threatened with being starved to death if he did not pay a usurious gaming debt, in which the General shared.

temple of superior notoriety. *Homo Homini Lupus*, is a fit motto to borrow for my theme, which I shall commence with a saying of a popular writer. "If an instance shall occur and the dæmon of gaming shall enter the same breast where honour, courage, wit, wisdom, reside, such a mind is-like a motley suit of cards, where kings, queens, and knaves are packed together, and make up the game with temporary good-fellowship; but it is a hundred to one but the knave will beat them out of doors in the end."—That's long odds!—The same writer says, "I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time, is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart; but when a man of fortune turns gamester, the act is so devoid of reason, that we are at a loss to find a motive for it." It would be repeating what almost every body knows, to introduce further quotations on a subject which has been so frequently the theme of the ablest writers; besides, all the counsels and exhortations to morality that have ever been spoken or written, with *mine* to boot, have never yet been able to deter

youth from idleness and vice, or in other words, to counterbalance the more forcible effects of example. Why do I go to church every Sunday morning, and some of the fast days in Easter Week?—Because others show the example. Why did I go to Hell in the pot-de-chambre de Lorrain every morning and evening?—Because others showed the example. *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus,* —*vivimus* we live *plus* more *exemplo* by example *quam* than *ratione* by reason. Example acts more upon the mind than the most persuasive argument, or the most paternal advice. Example teaches the bird to spread its trembling wing and venture alone from the nest of its anxious parents; it is also the beacon which directs youth to every good, or to every ill—that which he encounters oftenest in his career is that which he generally follows. And as the Doctor conceals his noxious drug in some sweet, to deceive the palate of the child, so Vice attires herself in the garb of Virtue, and holds out allurements that can flatter and deceive the eye, even of Wisdom's self.

" Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape."

Unwary youth is drawn without difficulty into her spell, and eagerly pursues the " path of dalliance" till he reaches that abyss which he is more frequently encouraged to plunge into than cautioned to avoid. Shall I be thought the worse of for saying thus much in mitigation of early follies, and if in contradiction to austere and illiberal cynics I assert that it is not innate depravity, but *example* that first leads youth into error? If they continue in error after having discovered it, that is another business, the bane is then in the heart, and that heart will inevitably perish. But now to Hell with us,

Where placed round a table all cover'd with green,
The Gentiles and Jews mix'd together are seen,
Where the harlots caress, and the black-legs applaud,
And Midshipmen stake louis-d'ors like a Lord,
If they lose, in stiff grog they may drown their distress,
If they win, they may sleep with a German Princess.

This high-titled lady (of whom, I am told, there are many in Germany) was a very tall and very pleasing woman, of a certain age, with a good figure, a bad heart, and a monstrous nose; she came to Verdun with her husband, a German prince, (of whom, I am told, there are many in Germany) to see the races, and when he went away, she, preferring the society of *Mi Lords Anglais* to that of her Prince, remained amongst them, and liberally entertained, with their own money, all those who chose to visit her. This Princess was very haughty, and soon stripped her lovers of their breeches, which she wore herself with sovereign sway. But that a lover should be entirely at the disposal of his mistress is nothing strange, for we are told long ago, that

"——————— a lover
All pains intol'rable must suffer,
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards."

The hazard and *rouge* and *noir* tables were established under the patronage of our Governor-General Wirion, one of the Grand Members of the Legion of Honour, who had a considerable profit in the games, and who has

since cut his own throat from ear to ear in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, where he was ordered to repair to take his trial for his opprobrious conduct towards the British prisoners; but he, no doubt, thought it a more honourable exit to die by his own hand, than by that of the common hangman. It is wisely remarked, that tyrants having lived in other men's blood, they commonly die in their own.

Every temptation to play was thrown in the way of the prisoners; the rooms were fitted up in the first style of elegance, not only handsome suppers and refreshments, with the finest wines and liqueurs in abundance, were given *gratis* to the players, but also a number of well-dressed loose, or indifferent, women, were in the pay of the bankers, and obliged to attend the tables, in order, like Sirens, first to entice, and then destroy.

The sums these swindlers won from the English no body knows. Lords, Generals, and Colonels; Captains and Lieutenants of army and navy; Ensigns and Midshipmen; Masters and Mates of merchantmen; Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, and Man-midwives; Parsons, Clerks, School-masters,

and Tradesmen, with their Pupils and Apprentices, all, all, were infected with this infatuating contagion. Those who had never touched a card or die in their lives, and who probably never would, had they not been so cruelly detained in France, were, from mere idle vexation and *ennui* induced to risk half-a-crown, till the passion increased, and then to regain that half-crown risked gold, and so on deeper and deeper did they plunge into this fascinating stream, or pool, which ever you please to call it. What increases the infamy of the French government in exposing their prisoners to this extortion was the following inscription, in large characters, over the door of the gaming-room: "This Bank is kept exclusively for Messieurs les Anglais; Messieurs les Français are forbidden to enter it." Thus Messieurs les Français were not permitted, when so disposed, to ruin themselves with *mis lords*; and those few, (very few, indeed,) who were honestly inclined, were not allowed to witness the deceits that were practised against the prisoners, many of whom knew nothing of French. Indeed, some carried their enmity to the French nation so far as to despise even the knowledge of their

language, which the following energetic speech, pronounced in the most solemn manner by a captain in the royal navy, may tend to confirm. Being asked if he had read the French account of the battle of Trafalgar, he answered with some warmth and considerable emotion of soul, "No,—thanks to my God, I don't know even one word of their language!" I believe it was the facetious Mr. Concannon who made the following very just remark:

"Behold the rake, who thoughtless, light and gay,
Can drink and game, and gallop life away;
He who no counsel teaches to retrench,
Can learn every thing in France, but French."

The bank being erected exclusively for the English, they were not allowed to play elsewhere, because the general could not then share the profits of the board. A party of us, who thought the few hours when the bank was closed hung heavy on our hands, ventured to have at our lodgings a little pewter play, [*i. e.* for silver, or low stakes of two or three louis]. We were soon detected in our innocent amusement, and, to avoid being sent off to the dungeons of Bitsche, were obliged

to send the card money to our General, which may be supposed was of necessity very liberally subscribed to. General Wirion certainly did not receive less than 1500*l.* per annum, from the Bankers for permission to establish their tables in the Depot, and perhaps as much more for supporting them and the money lenders in the recovery of usurious debts. His law was will, he therefore could, and did, confine the prisoners when and how he pleased.

As there is at the best of times but a cast of dice between a Gamester and a Beggar, we may imagine where play was so wantonly practised as at Verdun, that the transitions in the scale of opulence were by no means gradual. Sometimes, in one day, from abundance to a bare competency, from luxury to a scanty convenience, from the elegancies to the common necessaries of life, and from the riot of profusion to the miseries of poverty and want; so that there seemed to be few intermediate links in the wide-extending chain of property. Ah me! when I think of the agility with which I used to skip from one end of this chain to the other, I cannot refrain from calling out, even in my

sleep "The devil's in the dice!" How often have I whisked to the race course in my green gig, with my valet de chambre on a cropped poney behind, and my pockets well furnished with louis d'ors for betting! From the race course to a grand club dinner, there to find fault with prime Burgundy and excellent craw-fish soups; "*Les mauvais payeurs font bien des personages.*" From that to my box at the Theatre, where Nanette (my confidante and house-keeper) in the front row, beautifully dressed, and without a veil, awaited my arrival; from that to hell, there in a few hours to double my fortune and increase my establishment, or in a few minutes to lose every farthing and become—Pill Garlick! In the latter case (because the most certain,) away goes the green gig at half cost, "*adieu la voiture, adieu la boutique!*" my *valet de chambre* is kicked out of doors as an idle rascal undeserving of wages; the poney is seized for his keep; my pockets are empty as the day they came from the tailor; my grand club dinners, prime Burgundy, and craw-fish soups, are superseded by *petite bierre de mars*, carrots, and perhaps a sheep's pluck with the head hanging to it (commonly called a mid-

shipman's watch and chain,) my box at the Theatre mortgaged; Nanette divorced dowerless, *à mensa et thora,* and all her beautiful clothes pawned for next to nothing!!! Forty days and forty nights have I frequently remained in this crest-fallen situation, and then through the friendly assistance of a Usurer, and a little change of luck, I have scrambled up higher than ever; the establishment is again set on foot, and Nanette restored to her office, dressed out anew as fine as silk, satin, and beads can make her. But fortune is so fond of her slippery tricks, that alas! down I go again, and again away goes the establishment with pauvre Nanette and her clothes! In this sort of alternate preponderation have I and many others passed the happiest and most miserable moments of our lives.—Certainly the devil's in the dice!

The Usurers at Verdun were too numerous, and their exploits too curious to suffer me to pass them by in silence. A gang of these fellows used to prowl about the Bank, and being in a confederacy with the Bankers and the General, they were ready to offer their services on all pressing occasions, particularly when the agitation of play, or a too libe-

ral draft of champagne prevented the players from recollecting exactly to what amount they borrowed, for no acknowledgment was asked till they were about to leave the room, or even till the next day, when a bill all ready for signature would be presented, with a blank for the interest according to the delay of payment. If one of these money lenders had received a bill upon England for two, three, nay, there are examples of their having received 500*l.* for the sum of 100 louis d'ors; he passed it to a second or third usurer who were ready to swear that they had given the real value for the bill to their neighbours, and that if the original transaction had been usurious they were extremely sorry for it, but it was not their affair. The most moderate interest which the honestest men at Verdun required was from 20 to 30 per cent. per annum; but to those same honest men more than twice that sum has been paid. I once applied to a Jew when my establishment was in its reduced state, for a 100 louis; he gave me 35 and two dozen of claret; I forget what sum I signed for this accommodation, but I recollect that in three months afterwards I paid him fifty louis, and to this hour he has me in

his books, the devil knows how much, for the same sum, but I am inclined to think he may set it down as a bad debt. I know one or two gentlemen who owe at least 10,000*l.* for the original value of about 1000*l.* A naval friend of mine being hard up, he negotiated a bill with a usurer who gave him a parcel of umbrellas for his paper; these he sold to another usurer who had previously engaged to purchase them at a liberal discount. A Mid gave a bill of a 100*l.* for a horse, not to be compared with Rosinante; shortly afterwards he had the good fortune to sell him for 8 or 10 louis to a dustman. Sir J. M. received from a Jew 120 louis in cash, and a piece of plate worth about 30 more, for a bill of 250*l.*; but when I left Verdun the Baronet in order to keep himself out of gaol in his ill state of health, sold his bit of plate for 16 louis to the same Jew, and in consequence of the bill not having been duly paid, had signed and countersigned for this debt in the space of three years to the amount of 2000*l.*! and if not already paid, it is by this time at least equal to the fee simple of St. Helena.

The Chevalier Lawrence in his picture of Verdun, which I must imitate when speaking

of the same facts, describes these transactions more at large, and says that numerous others were notorious, and as debtors are generally desirous of concealing their circumstances, an equal number in all probability were kept secret. The English who have been arrested and thrown into dungeons and infected gaols, were for the above description of usurious debt, at the suit of black-legs, swindlers, Jews, and money-lenders, of every denomination, who were ably supported by General Wirion. Many have expired under their sufferings, but it would really be too severe a task, and scarcely to be credited, was I to cite the different instances of cruelty and extortion that were practised against the British prisoners by their implacable foes.

H. W. K. Esq. who died in an infected gaol at Melun, is the only one among those sufferers, of whom I shall add a few words, because that gentleman was intimately known to me,

"Son etat m'a touché, ses fautes m'ont instruit."

His life would, probably, afford one of the strongest examples of that propensity to thoughtless irregularities which youth in his May-day pride so generally evinces, even

though his mind be adorned by the choicest attributes of virtue, or his steps guarded by all the vigilance of Mentor; and this it was, no doubt, which caused the philosopher to exclaim,

"Combien le cœur de l'homme est soumis à l'erreur!"

To Nature's happy gift of a handsome countenance, fine manly figure, mild and prepossessing manners, H. W. K. united the more estimable superiorities, a good understanding and well-informed mind, which early travel, general observation, and his own refined taste considerably improved, and rendered him, when he pleased, an amusing and instructive companion. Bereft of his parents at a very early age, Fate abandoned him too soon upon the tumultuous sea of life, whose foaming force he was not long able to withstand. Although he commenced the world under the most auspicious circumstances, all his good qualities, 'and many a one had he,' were not sufficient to counteract their opposites, or to save him from a tempest of afflictions, which burst over his devoted head, and ultimately overwhelmed him, in the very

flower of his youth. An ample fortune was lavished away in a few years, and a state of highly respectable independence was superseded by abject poverty and want. The following lines, though somewhat severe, bear a near resemblance to my subject, and will save me the pains of enlarging upon this strange chequered character of sense, folly, negligence, and virtue!

"Henry, a wealthy heir at twenty-one,
At twenty-five was ruin'd and undone.
These years with grievous crimes we need not load,
He found his ruin in the common road;
Gam'd without skill, without enquiry bought,
Lent without love, and borrowed without thought.
Soon he aspir'd to loftier flights of vice,
To painted harlots of enormous price;
Deaf to advice, to all expences blind,
Profuse, not just, careless, tho' ever kind."

Vice, did I say? rather let me say, extravagance; for we cannot pronounce that heart to have been a vicious one which possessed in genuine purity a virtue, above all others, most acceptable to the sight of Heaven—the benign virtue of all-healing charity; and yet

H. W. K. has been accused by some of every vice. Helas!

> "On ne se souvient que du mal;
> On ne voit qu'ingrats dans le monde;
> L'injure se grave en metal,
> Et le bienfait s'écrit sur l'onde."

There is a malignity in human nature which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking; the remark is but too generally true, and is not confined merely to the living; its rancour extends farther. But if Pill Garlick lamented his incapacity to alleviate the misfortunes of his friend during his lifetime, he exults at having an opportunity, and thinks it a duty he owes to the memory of that friend, to endeavour to avert the shaft of calumny, with which some have pursued even his shadow to the tomb. To say that he was blameless, would be a mistaken partiality; to say that he was an abandoned profligate, would be an obdurate injustice. An easy confidence and too pliant disposition were his greatest disadvantages, and the forerunners of every evil which afterwards befel him; an unbounded generosity and open-heartedness seldom to be met with, induced him to give

more than he should give, and to neglect himself; this it was which led him into want, and subsequently into inextricable troubles ;but, surely, H. W. K., with all his imperfections on his head, must have many advocates, more able and far less exceptionable than Pill Garlick, who now ends this subject with what the Cardinal Fleury said, I think; of Louis the Fifteenth.

" Il y'avoit en lui un tel melange de bonnes et de mauvaises qualités, qu'il etoit facile de le louer ou de le blamer sans altérer la verité."

There were other characters at Verdun, who deserved every punishment; but their infamy soon gained the friendship of the general, and by that means they escaped their deserts. Those were a set who had practised villany from their cradles ; creatures, in whose breasts every thing amiable or respectable was blighted by vice of every kind ; whom every one despised, and no one could either love or fear. Mischief and sorrow go along with them ! But, Oh, Prince of Hell ! grant me becoming language to describe one particular man, a mere abject man, the type of all baseness.

'Of offence,' says the poet,
"Speak boldly to the ear of him who errs;
But never tell him that himself offends.
Lash the vice, but ever spare the person."

Oh! that I could find gall bitter enough to write a satire against thee, thou replenished villain, who no honest man can look at without blushing, or speak thy name without spitting after it, thou nasty beast! may heart's discontent and sour affliction be play-fellows to keep thee company, thou devil in coat and breeches! May the thickest shade thou ever meetest under the most scorching sun be a withered cypress, thou grand monopolist of all vice! May all the slang frantic Hecuba gave the Greeks, and mine to boot, dart on thee, thou impostume of every corruption! To sum up the whole, may all malignant stars join their bitterest influence, then extract the subtle quintescence, and squeeze it on thy bald head till the Furies have danced a jig round thee in cadence to thy grimaces, in whose safe keeping I haste to leave thee, for I feel my imagination polluted by the intrusion of thine image, and I must confess,

That if in Hell no other pains there were,
I now fear Hell, because thou must be there.

To conclude the scenes of this gay, gloomy, happy, miserable, undesigning, hypocritical, voluptuous, dissolute, pious, irreligious, censorious, generous, penurious, bountiful, gormondizing, starving, innocent, wicked place, I shall state one circumstance more, which cannot well be concealed, because of its important connection with this far-surpassing-every-former - and - never - to-be-equalled-by-any-future-history.

I was one day walking down the Bond-street, with my house-keeper under my left-arm, on our way to my country-house, which, in truth, was *Rus in Urbe*, its proximity to the town being necessary for my regular attendance at the roll-calls. In our promenade, I say, we happened to see, most enticingly displayed at a shop-window, an assortment of fashionable articles of dress, just arrived from Paris; we stepped into the shop to cheapen such as struck our fancies: a shawl, a fan, two pair of silk stockings, a modesty, and a cambric shift, were immediately selected and laid aside till next morning, when my servant was to call for them, and at the same time be the bearer of their amount, twenty-three louis d'ors. After desiring a receipt to be ready

for the servant, we said, "*bon jour Messieurs et Dames,*" and continued our route; but I had not gone fourteen paces from the shop, before I ran back to desire there might be no mistake about the receipt, and to have it ready, *sans faut,* by eight o'clock in the morning. I can assure my readers, that this precaution was quite necessary, for the roguery of Verdun was at such a pitch of excellence, that no confidence could be placed in any one, except the bailiffs, whose strict punctuality in the execution of their office was undeniable, and surpasses all the powers of panegyric. After dinner, Nanette happening to speak of the beauty and cheapness of her new purchase, it reminded me that I was to send twenty-three louis for them the next morning, and puzzled me for a moment to know how I should pay that sum out of nine, which was all I possessed; but I soon resolved this apparent difficulty, by taking my hat and setting out for hell, where, from many ominous circumstances that appeared to my imagination, I knew I should have luck. Verily, I was not there a quarter of an hour before I won a hundred louis, *besides* a stake of fifty on the table, which I—*lost.*

From the one hundred louis before me I selected twenty-five of the heaviest for my own use, and buttoned them up in my right-hand breeches pocket; I then took twenty-three of the next best, which I wrapped in half a sheet of paper, writing upon it, "Bill to-morrow, eight o'clock;" these, for their greater security, I dropped into my fob; and this being rather a long job, in looking to one side, I chanced to see the Presidents of the Tally ho! and Beef-steak Clubs settling something about two grand dinners, which, by mismanagement, had been named for the same day; to these gentlemen I paid twelve louis, part of which was the arrears of my subscription. I then looked round the table to see if there was any person present to whom I was indebted; for, like all gamesters, I was not sure of the money being my own for a moment. I spyed my shoe-maker, who was just rising hastily from his seat, (the society of *gamblers*, you know, is somewhat promiscuous,) I winked to him, he caught the wink in a jiffy, and approached in a sort of a hop-step-and-a-jump, so light was he after being eased of his last half-crown. "Pray, Mr. Wilson," said I, "how much do I owe you?" "Only

seven louis and a half, Sir," said he. "I'll trouble you," said I, "to take that pen and ink, and write a bit of a receipt;" [never forget a receipt,] he did so, received his seven and a half louis, and thus we parted friends. I then counted over and over again what still remained before me, which was, including my original nine, exactly forty-one louis and a half, the half louis I flung at one of the waiters in ordering the scoundrel to bring me a tumbler of champaigne. Then leaving "*rouge et noir*," which I had been playing, I retired to the hazard table, to pass an hour or two at a little chicken hazard. I won and lost, lost and won, won and lost,—and lost,—and lost, —my forty-one louis in a much shorter time than I gained them. Come, said I to myself, this luck can't last for ever, so I'll risk half of what I have got in this right-hand pocket; I drew out a dozen (the round dozen) of my picked louis, and lost them also. I sat for some time a mere patient spectator, "*Il faut gouverner la fortune comme la santé, en jouir quand elle est bonne, prendre patience quand elle est mauvaise.*" When I thought my luck was changed, I pulled out the remaining dozen, with which I was determined to win back

the first dozen, and go home. I either played very injudiciously, or did not give my luck time to change, for in three throws the bankers were in possession of my cash. Devil take this paltry chicken hazard, said I, in twisting myself to get at the bottom of my fob, which was rather deep, but with the aid of my fore-finger and thumb I managed to draw up the twenty-three louis which I had endorsed "bill to-morrow, eight o'clock," from these I took my original sum of nine louis, and put them back into my pocket, which, when I returned home, and Nanette asked, "What luck?" I could produce, and say, that I had been at one of the clubs, where I met with such agreeable company as to put all thoughts of hell out of my head: however, the Devil would have it, that these twenty-three should desert me in the same manner, nay, if possible, sooner than the others, and the nine in my pocket felt such an irresistible desire of sharing the fate of their former companions, that, notwithstanding all my resolution, I found it quite impossible to retain them. My bankruptcy did not take place unnoticed by the chief banker, who, perceiving that my judgment and prudence

were in their *apogeum*, kindly tendered his relief. I accepted ten louis; he had them back again in as short a time as he himself could wish. I took the liberty again to borrow them; again he recovered them; again I borrowed them, with all the good-humour imaginable,

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
> Of being cheated as to cheat."

Before I could reasonably expect it, the chief banker whispered in my ear, "One hundred and ten louis!" "Not possible!" said I, starting, and just throwing *crabs* for my last stake. "'Pon my honour!" said he, laying his hand upon his breast. "Oh!" said I, "that's enough, Oh! say no more, Oh! Oh!"—We then retired to his little bureau to settle the debt. He said he would be quite satisfied, in commiseration of my indifferent luck, to take my bill, payable within a year, for 125*l.*, which being only a trifle more than fifteen per cent. I readily agreed to.

In going out of the room I met the shoemaker at the door; "Well, Mr. Wilson, what luck?" said I. "Bad enough, Sir," said he, "though, do you know, Sir, that at one

time I had won forty-six louis with the seven and a half you paid me!" "Well, Mr. Wilson, and what more would you have?"—"Ah! but, Sir," said he, "I lost every one of them with the *damndest* luck in the world half an hour afterwards." "Aye, Aye, Mr. Wilson, that's always the case with you gamblers, you are never content with what you win; but making your whole property a lottery, you bewitch yourselves with hopes of winning more, and constantly end by losing all; *rien ne peut rendre un fou content.* You are now, I suppose, going home without a single sixpence to cross yourself with." "Indeed, Sir," said he, "it is but too true." "Then take my advice, Mr. Wilson, and *stick* to your shoemaking, instead of loitering your time in fruitless play, and in cursing that fortune which you bring upon yourself. Good night, to you, Mr. Wilson."

I strolled home, and went to bed; I need not explain what passed, further than that, upon cool reflection, I considered the new articles of dress were much too extravagant, and, after some altercation, laid my positive injunctions that they should never be thought of more.

The year which my bill had to run soon expired,

> " Fleet as the hare is Time, when happy man
> Entreats him to retard his rapid hours;
> But when in woe he prays him to be gone,
> More tardy than the slow worm or the snail."

When it was presented for payment, I did not find it quite convenient to disburse so much cash. Sampson, who was a very strong man indeed, could not pay money if he had it not. I therefore agreed to draw a new bill, adding twenty-five louis for six months longer credit, and thought myself very well off. At this period I was by law an infant, therefore, as was natural enough, not particularly conversant in the negotiation of bills of exchange, or of promissory notes, and in giving my new bill, I either did not think it necessary to withdraw the original, or I neglected to do so. Two days afterwards, in speaking before some friends of the civil accommodation I had received, and of the manner in which I had acted; they told me I was diddled, and one of them said, he had just seen two of my bills on Lacourt's counter, and that he and Balby were settling something about them. Balby

was the principal and worthy owner of hell; Lacourt, his banker and worthy friend. Away I fled as fast as legs and thighs could carry me. I found both the hell-man and his banker at home; but they might as well have been swimming in the Styx, for they refused to give me up the bill I demanded. They humbugged me, as we all know the thieves humbugged the butcher out of his leg of mutton; both denied the fact of having it. For some moments I looked like an ape that had taken a purgation; but ere long, fierce anger made my blood grow hot, and turned the ashy paleness of my cheeks into ruddy flakes of wrath, my eye-brows knit, my eyes sparkled fire, my lips darted imprecations, my fists threatened sudden death, and, in truth, if God had then pleased to arm me with thunder and lightning, in twenty-five minutes there had neither been banker, broker, money-lender, nor Jew, within three hundred and forty miles of Verdun.

The transactions of Balby and Lacourt are so notorious to every prisoner, that it would be needless to mention them; and those unacquainted with the Worthies, must care so little about them, that the relation

of their iniquities, I imagine, would afford but little interest. In the present case, I had no reason to doubt their intention of obliging me to pay both bills; because, at the expiration of the term for which the second bill was given, upon my refusal to pay it unless the first was restored, I was summoned before their judge, jury, and executioner, General Wirion, to answer the charges that were preferred against me. If I had had Lycurgus for my advocate, supported by all the wigs in Westminster Hall, it would have availed me nothing before this inflexible Pluto. I therefore said nothing in my defence, further than to assure the general, that I never would pay the prosecutors one sous till they delivered my bill of 125*l.* which they illegally withheld from me, and to which they positively had no shadow of claim or right. "Then, *mon cher ami*," said he, (who, besides his own share in all gaming transactions, was well feed for supporting such causes) "I must furnish 'Monsieur de Balby' with the necessary documents for the Minister of War, that he may obtain an order to imprison you till his demand is satisfied." I made a polite reverence, and with

drew; nor was I in the least disappointed by the decision of my judge. It is here necessary to observe, that in consequence of the repeated remonstrances of the British prisoners against the tyranny of Wirion, a decree had been issued by the French Government, purporting, that no prisoner of war should be thrown into gaol without an order from the Minister of War. This pretended alleviation of our grievances had no other effect than that of obliging the plaintiffs to make a journey to Paris, for they were never refused the writ when demanded.

Away went Monsieur de Balby to attend the levy of his Excellency, furnished with every document he could desire, proving the shameful delinquency of my conduct, and the uniform rectitude of his. This then, was the signal for Pill Garlick to slip his moorings and run! The law of self defence I conceived, to the very best of my judgment, authorized the act; but as the ablest and most experienced heads are every day exposed to error in judgment, I think it behoves a British prisoner of war to state other causes in justification of his escape from captivity, lest any one should be induced to inscribe his name upon that

black catalogue where the General Lefebre's so conspicuously stands, accompanied by a base and numerous brotherhood, decorated like himself with the glittering and prostituted badge of the "*Legion d'Honneur*," now, 'honour dishonourable!!' These worthy supporters of Napoleon were a set, who in disregard of every sacred obligation, ignominiously violated their paroles of honour, and that too in the full indulgence of every comfort and recreation that the attention of a hospitable people could bestow, and in the free enjoyment of every confidence that a generous enemy could repose in a prisoner of war. Far otherwise the situation of the British prisoners in France. Verdun as every body knows at this time o'day, is a strong fortress, with walls, ditches, gates, and drawbridges, within which we were confined and rigidly observed in all our movements, public or domestic. The only liberty enjoyed was through the medium of a passport for going out of the town at stated hours of the day; these passports were granted and withdrawn at the entire caprice of Wirion, though frequently purchased and repurchased by the prisoners both from him and his well-matched little

aid de camp; nevertheless whoever possessed one, gave his parole, or was supposed to give it, not to take any unfair advantage of it, otherwise those who were so disposed, might, upon getting out of the town, have means provided for escape.

Except the few hours leave of absence allotted by our passports, we were *bona fide* as much close prisoners in the fortress of Verdun, as any of the French prisoners were in the castle of Porchester, with this difference indeed, that the latter were not subject to the tyranny of an unfeeling governor, nor exposed to the rapacity of Jews and extortioners. We were also, except during the above mentioned hours, as free from parole of honour as any Frenchman in the hulks at Portsmouth.

Now, those who had no passports gave no parole whatever; therefore no one, I imagine, will dispute their right to escape, when, and how they pleased; but the query is, had those who did possess passports any right to escape at the hours when such passports were null and void? for then there were as many centinels over them as over the others; had they a right to evade those centinels, and attempt their escape at the risk of their necks

over the ramparts at 12 o'clock at night? Some I know think they *had*, others may possibly think they *had not*; it therefore becomes a question of doubt, and I will drop it for a fact upon which there can be no doubt at all. I mean the harsh and infamous treatment we endured under the iron rod of Wirion, who so effectually deprived us of every enjoyment of parole as to cause but one opinion among the prisoners upon that head, and that opinion was publicly expressed by a British general of the highest rank, honour, and respectability, who declared that treated as we were, any prisoner was fully justified in making his escape.—*Life of Pill Garlick, p.* 317. I must now, notwithstanding what has been said, beg leave to recall the attention of the reader to that decree mentioned in my first volume, which declared that 'any prisoner detected in the attempt to escape should be tried by a court-martial and shot.' This decree was of itself considered as having abolished the true sense and restrictions upon parole; for, by it the French government had evidently ceased to bind their prisoners of war by the sacred tie of honour, but substituted in its stead the threat

of death. Surely then, that man who chose to risk his life for his liberty had every right so to do. Thus much for what related generally to the British prisoners in France relative to their justification in escape; now for that which related immediately to my own particular case.

I hold it in many instances a wise maxim, for a person to say the worst he can of himself, and by that means prevent any *after clap* (as we say in the cock-pit) that might probably retort upon him with a double disadvantage; I shall therefore in this instance let it be supposed that I enjoyed in France when a prisoner, all the privileges of parole to their fullest extent, even to the extent which General Lefebre was indulged when he violated his honour in this country. Now my friends you must know that Midshipmen were not looked upon by the French government as either gentlemen or officers, and every privilege they enjoyed was at the solicitation and on the responsibility of some friend or superior officer; but could I be considered any longer bound to respect those privileges after the government which gave them, thought proper to withdraw them? An order for my ar-

rest and close imprisonment, was, I take it, the most unequivocal mode of doing so; and their own act of canceling every obligation by which I enjoyed my liberty, for, observe that no breach of trust or misconduct of mine had given them provocation, my crime was that of having peremptorily refused to submit to the demands of a notorious swindler, a man who had been detected with false dice, who has since been convicted of forgery and condemned to the gallies, (I wish for his own sake I could say, for gallies, read *gallows*.) If upon the accusation of such a man, a government could stoop so low as to condemn another without even a hearing in his defence, the man so condemned, it is presumed, may in all conscience endeavour to save himself by his own means; it becomes a case of '*sauve qui peut!*' Now till an order for my imprisonment was actually issued by the minister of war and in Balby's possession, I refrained from putting my design of escape into effect; but the moment I knew he possessed it, which was not till about five hours before I started, I considered as I have already said, that the law of self defence *alone* justified the act. Thus a hard alternative was thrown

upon me, that of submitting to an infamous extortion, or of passing the remainder of my captivity in a common gaol. That the latter would have been the certain consequence of my refusal to pay the bill before alluded to, there can be no doubt, for several gentlemen under circumstances, if not exactly similar, in villany at least nearly allied, were thrown into solitary confinement, some in common gaols under the civil power, others in towers and fortresses under the military; and even at the hour I am writing this (i. e. seven years after the period of which I am speaking) there are gentlemen and families amongst the late prisoners at Verdun still detained in France, for debts contracted at play, often encouraged by fraudulent means, and always augmented by the most unconscionable usury. But I must here confess that even if Balby's transaction had never occurred, I conceived, in my soul I conceived! that the penalty by which I was bound, was no longer a forfeiture of honour but of life, and to encounter death I believe never was derogatory to the character of a British sailor.

Balby's departure for Paris, I have said, was the signal for preparing to run. I pro-

cured an old French cabriolet, commonly called a "*chaise de poste*, the well of which I had enlarged as much as possible, without running the risk of suspicion, and when it was finished it was just capable to contain my body squeezed into a shape that I cannot describe, but which would have puzzled Grimaldi, with all his corporeal elasticities, to metamorphose himself into; for I did not think *then* that it was possible for a living animal to continue in it, nor do I know *now* how I contrived to do so. Those who were acquainted with my plan thought it a mere chimerical freak, and took leave of me with great affection, saying, as they shook me by the hand "that in twenty-four hours they should see me in the ditch;" alluding to a ditch outside the walls where criminals and refractory conscripts were usually shot. The undertaking was a perilous one, because though many had effected their escape at different periods, none made the attempt since the publication of that severe order so often alluded to, also the numerous spies within and without the town in pay of the French government, the rewards offered to the peasantry for apprehending British prisoners beyond the

limits described in their passports, and latterly, the necessity of attending the roll call twice a day, were obstacles that seriously encreased the danger of detection

" But when our case can be no worse,
The des'prat'st is the wisest course."

It was on a Saturday morning in the first week of April, that I received from a friend at Châlons a note in this laconic style.

Dr. Pill,

"B. will be with you almost as soon as this—I saw the order, if you are prepared to avoid consequences, start."

There was no time for shilli-shalli. *J'aime de prévenir et non pas d'être prévenu,* said the Great Frederick in reply to the Ambassador of Maria Thérèsa, when his Majesty was asked why he was making such hostile preparations before war was declared. It was necessary then that I should anticipate the consequences of Balby's arrival at Verdun. The first step I took was to hand Nanette into my bed-chamber, where I told her I had a private affair to communicate, and as it required secrecy, I requested she might have the goodness to bolt the door. This precaution seemed to surprize her a little, because like Charles the Second and Nell

Gwin, we were not in the habit of bolting our doors at any time. 'Nanette *ma bonne*,' said I, after she had taken her seat upon my knee, 'a woman, you know, I have often told you, is an unthrifty babbler, the patentee of speech, the engrosser of all discourse, and speaks far more with ease than any good-natured man can endure with patience; her tongue is the rub-a-dub-dub of every company, or like a speaking frying-pan sputters about in all directions. Some reduce the sense of a woman to non-sense; others by a neat algebraical computation have reduced it to little better than mere simple nothing; thus,

As three grains of wheat,
Are to two bushels of chaff,
So are four hours chat of a woman,
To five words of good sense.

But these are mere coxcombs, children at men's estate, whom nature has huddled up in a hurry and left their best part unfinished, having nothing to prove them men but their shape; mere stuffed suits who remind one of a parcel of wickered bottles, their heads the corks. All such as these, should take a dose of pure

brain-purging helebore, to enable them to correct their own deformities before they presume to decide upon the qualities of woman. For my part, ladies fair! I offer true allegiance to your throne. I ever have been, and ever shall think it a pride to be, the protector and advocate of your lovely sex; for although I acknowledge the lightness of your head piece, reprehend your little meddlings, and abhor those harsh sounds of anger which proceed from the venomed sting of baneful peevishness, and when pronounced by a woman deprive her of every grace; yet will I maintain that the greatest happiness of man is within her gift, and that nothing sings more sweetly than a woman's tongue, when the burthen of her song is amability and lovely peace. Then, O then! do your heavenly accents 'soft as the breezes of a summer's night,' steal with sweet enchantment to the soul.

'Nanette,' continued I, 'as every thing that is poured in at the ear of a woman drops out of her mouth, I thought it advisable to make my own bosom the deposit of what I am now going to unfold to you.'

I hereupon explained the whole of my plans and intentions, and sincerely regretted

the necessity of parting, but hoped that my reasons were well founded for now bidding a last adieu. She imagined that this was only a "*ruse de guerre*," or one of my temporary farewells; nor till I had shewn her the note I had received, and assured her that in a few hours I should depart, could I prevail upon her to think me in good earnest. After a few moments of silence, "this," said she, "is indeed a very sudden and unexpected event; but as you have never deceived me, I hope you will not now refuse me one request, which is nothing more than putting to the test what you have just expressed relative to your regret at leaving me. Suffer me to accompany you into Germany." In vain I pointed out the numerous inconveniencies that such a project would be attended with, and the danger to which she herself would be exposed; that the chances were ten to one against my passing the French frontiers, and even when passed, I knew not where fortune might direct me, for it was impossible at that time to form any fixed plan, and therefore, much better, said I, that you should remain at home, since, let the best that may happen, I shall be obliged to leave you in the end. Nanette opposed all my

arguments by saying that her presence would rather facilitate escape than increase the difficulties I spoke of, and that as to the dangers, she thought as lightly of them as I could, and was heartily disposed to encounter and to share them with me. I was really perplexed, for I liked Nanette enough to suffer her to accompany me on any journey, but I liked her too much to expose her to the danger I saw she was determined upon running. In short, finding I could not obtain from her that peculiar duty of every woman, the courtesy of obedience, I was obliged to yield to her entreaties, by giving that proof of the sincerity of my expressions which as above mentioned she required from me. And what young man that likes a handsome young woman, will refuse her a seat in his cabriolet?

I am aware there are some of vinegar aspect who, with the unrelenting bowels of a fury, are ready to tear the author and his book to atoms for having had the bare-faced immodesty to mention his attachment to Nanette, or for having said one syllable in favour of a woman of her description. But let those flaring supporters of morality look to themselves; and if their charms are, or ever have

been, which is seldom the lot of a prude, such as to have excited the enamouring flame, let them, if through their virtues they have escaped its bewitching powers, exult in silence upon their fortitude; but that woman who in her lily breast wears the true and spotless flower of chastity, seeks not to heighten its bloom by reviling the misfortune of those, whom feebleness and credulity, *not* vice, have seduced from the path of vestal innocence; no,—sooner shall the tear upon her blushing cheek bespeak her sorrow at the fall, and as the sweet dew from Heaven succours the drooping flower after the rude storm that has threatened to destroy it, so shall the mild balm of friendly reproof succeed in recovering the lapse of virtue, when the harsh tempest of reproach only tends to drive the victim to despair, or to harden it in its guilt. Hear me, O! ye prudes, and have a care all ye over-scrupulous fair ones, lest experience should one day teach you, that the idolatrous passion is much easier reprehended than restrained, for 'tis an insinuating flame that creeps through the very soul, of power to undermine magnanimity itself. If others with a gentleness more becoming their sex should be inclined

to chide me for not having passed over the subject in silence, I receive their chastisement with a due and respectful submission, but crave their indulgence when I assure them that I would not wilfully offend the ear of modesty, or raise a blush on the cheek of virtue, to gain 'ten thousand coxcombs' praise.' Be not angry then, if I add, that prudes are generally hypocrites, and that hypocrites are generally illiberal. How many have a fine edition of the moralizing Hannah More exposed upon their sofas, whilst love-tricking Anacreon lies concealed under the cushion? Oh! the convenience of a duodecimo!

Hypocrisy is of ancient date ladies, it is indeed; it had its hold even in the breast of Diana, who never would have punished Squire Acteon if he had chosen an opportunity more fitting for paying his addresses in, than that during a check in the middle of a fox hunt. A wish to appear all right and proper before her chambermaids, was the sole cause of her hallooing the hounds upon the luckless youth; for that same night she stole softly from home to sleep with a shepherd upon a mountain, and even before that, had been detected in criminal conversation with Pan, who was not

the most tempting of lovers. So that with a little hypocrisy, some dames think to go swimmingly through the world, enjoy all its fun, and turn up the nose at their betters.

Respected and happy a sensible dame
May enjoy all the honours a vestal can claim,
And quaff at her leisure the cup of delight,
By prudently copying Dian the prude,
Who punish'd in day-time Acteon the rude,
And retired to Endymion's embraces at night.

ARGUMENT.

Pill sends all his goods and chattels to he knows not who. —And why.—A fright.—Pill's exit from the "*Pot de chambre*" announced to the world by chiming of bells, beating of drums, roaring of cannon, and exercise of *Gens d'armerie*.—Another fright—After being nearly forty hours, not dead, but buried, he rises again and descends at an hotel in Strasbourg.—Facetiously compares himself to a dog turning a spit.—Meditating on a serious and deeply-interesting subject, he falls fast asleep.—More fright still.—Drinks *Vive L'Empereur Napoleon le Grand* in a bumper.—Leaves three friends employed in their private concerns.—Nothing!—Sent to the right about.—His convenient and joyful meeting with a waggon.—Jocularity.—Pill truly thankful at receiving a kick o' the A—.—More fright than ever.—Blasts pipes and tobacco.—Laughs heartily at a woeful scene of real misery and distress.—A happy pair.—Pill's concern for the loss of what he never possessed.—His awkward appearance at Munich as a Parisian courtier. —Awakes from a gentle doze, and finds himself surrounded by French troops.—His unexpected release from them.—His subsequent more unexpected arrest and undeserved incarceration.—Absconds disguised as a tailor's wife.—Again arrested and deeply endungeoned.—Pill's release and triumph over an insolent Ruffian.—Arrives at Vienna.

CHAPTER II.

"Now since the time we have to live,
In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit."

BOLTED in our bed room, Nanette and I passed at least three hours upon what I thought might have been concluded in ten minutes; time was too precious to allow us to dally any longer, so whilst she went to the post-house to order horses for the cabriolet, I packed up all the property I possessed in a large trunk, which I sent publicly to the carrier's with an order to send it immediately to a house at Nancy, which I knew nothing of, but the address of which had been given me. Some may ask, why the dickins I sent my trunk so publicly? to which I answer, purposely that the General might know the road to send his *Gens d'armes* in pursuit.

After sun-set every evening a bell tolled for a quarter of an hour to warn every body within and without, that the gates were going to be shut, and the bridges to be drawn up; when this bell ceased, no person whatever without a particular order from the Governor, could get in or out of the town. The moment this curfew sounded, I squeezed my body into the curious receptacle that was constructed for it in the bottom of my vehicle, taking along with me a spare shirt and a pair of boots, not for the service of my feet, but for another purpose, in case any natural necessity should, at an awkward moment, oblige me to leave the well. A servant whose fidelity I had reason to trust, and who had volunteered to accompany me to the world's end; when I was *snug*, he desired the postillion to put the horses to, then handed in Nanette, and stepping in himself, when all was right, ordered, 'go along!' I was no sooner under weigh than I found, tight as I was jammed, that it was not sufficient to prevent my head from going nickety-nock against the sides of my incasement, and with so much violence, as to make me despair of even reaching the gate with a tooth in my head; how-

ever, we rattled at such a pace over the stones, that in a few minutes we were among the throng which the tolling of the bell generally occasioned by the racing of some to get in, and others to get out, a circumstance which induced me to prefer so late an hour for travelling, as the *gens d'armes* and guards could not possibly question every body so minutely upon their business as at other times; but the principal reason why I chose this hour was, because it did not come within the time limited by our passports for leaving the town, and therefore having taken no advantage of mine, it could not be said that I abused the trust which it placed in me. "Where are you going to, Madam?" was all that was asked—"to Nancy, Monsieur," was all that was answered; which, when a guard noted in a book, a *gens d'arme* said, "have the goodness to push on for the bell has ceased, and the bridge must be drawn up directly;" smack went the postillion's whip, and away we flew through the gate; but Och Oh! scarcely had the bridge been drawn up after us, when down like a shot came the brioleт! Nanette screamed, the servant exclaimed Dieu! the postillion B——re, and I, closing my hands penitently as well as I

could bring them together, said, " Heaven have mercy here upon us! for only that can save us now." Then hearing nothing but vile imprecations from the postillion, I tapped against the roof of my wooden cell, and asked in a tone that seemed to issue from the grave, " Nanette, *ma bonne petite amie*, are we in the *ditch* already?" " Indeed, *mon cher*," (she replied in a voice equally pitiful) " I don't know." The servant who by this time had in some degree recovered his shock, told me in a whisper, that it was only the thill horse that had fallen and could not get up without being unharnessed, but that there was no damage done, or danger to apprehend. " Thanks, ten thousand thanks, my dear faithful Louis," said I, wishing at the same time that all my body had been ear to receive these sweet tidings, which revived me so much as to enable me with considerable ingenuity to twist my spare shirt turban-fashion round my battered head, and by the time I finished *my* job the postillion finished *his*, then smacked his whip, and away! faster than before.

The first post-house we arrived at, Louis put his mouth down to the little whispering hole contrived under the seat, and very pru-

dently asked what road I intended to go. I took three minutes to consider this unexpected question, for my thoughts had been so much occupied upon passing the gates of Verdun, that I forgot to give directions about our line of march, having merely settled that we should cross the Rhine, but at what point was not determined; however, as we were then on the high road to Strasbourg, I gave orders to steer for that place, and to carry all possible sail.

It may have been eleven or twelve o'clock at night, or thereabout, when, being little disposed to pay my drowsy vows at Morpheus's shrine, I began to calculate what start I might reasonably expect to obtain before my pursuers could be upon the true track. The cathedral clock at Verdun struck nine just after the mistake of the thill horse at the bridge, from which time, to that when I was sure to be missed at the morning roll-call, was exactly twelve hours. But supposing that my trunk should have raised suspicions, or my landlord from seeing clear quarters at home, should have made his report (all landlords, I am happy to say when speaking of mine, were punishable, if they did not instantly report the

absence of their lodgers) supposing, I say, that my flight should have been discovered two hours after it had taken place, my pursuers would then very naturally, I take it, hasten to Nancy, that being the road of the trunk, and the road noted by the guard at the gate; in either case, according to my calculation, I had a fair start. But, as I afterwards heard, the latter was what actually happened. Two hours after I left the town I was missed: bells rung the alarm! drums beat to arms! guns were fired from the citadel to apprize the neighbourhood that a prisoner had escaped! *gens d'armes* were detached in every direction! and one party in particular was sent to apprehend me at Nancy. There they soon traced the trunk to the house where it had been directed, for these military bailiffs are such adepts in their profession, and their plans are always so cunningly arranged, that they seldom fail in their object. Some with drawn swords planted themselves round the house, whilst others who had gained admittance "*au nom de l'Empereur!*" carefully examined every hole and cranny, till at last they came to the room where the trunk had been placed but a few moments before, "*Ah! ha! ma foi la*

voila!" exclaimed the contented *gens d'armerie;* "now," said they to the good people of the house, "shew us, without any nonsense, where you have concealed Monsieur l'Anglois." The terror and confusion of the poor Bourgeois, at sight of these frightful visitors, was so great, that every word they uttered only tended to assure the *gens d'armes* of the capture of their game. In vain they were told by the innocent master and mistress of the house, that a man, they knew nothing of, had brought that cursed trunk, and insisted upon leaving it in their charge, that they knew still less of the confounded owner, who, they were informed, was to call for it in the course of the day. The soldiers would take no excuse; every bed was examined above and below, every closet explored, and every chest opened; but to no purpose, for I never was at Nancy in my life, nor ever dreamed of going there, and least of all when I sent my trunk that road. My readers may now perceive the finesse in sending it so publickly.

The distance from Verdun to Nancy is fifty or sixty miles; truth may lye between, if so, the distance from Nancy to Verdun we may fairly presume is exactly the same; my pur-

suers then had upwards of 100 miles to go, before they could report their good or bad success to the general, and by the time they got back to Verdun, I was probably drinking hock on the borders of the Rhine, upwards of 170 miles distant. I must not omit to mention a misfortune that befel me about three or four posts from Verdun, which caused me more uneasiness than the stumble of the thill horse, because it overwhelmed me with the most painful apprehensions of being betrayed. This was the loss of my *faithful* servant, and along with him a nice little silk purse, in which, by the bye, were thirty-eight louis d'ors, given him by me to pay the expences of the journey. *O auri sacra fames!* Gold, beyond all doubt, possesses the most *super-extraordinary* qualities! it is an irresistible seducer! the Miser's God! the bait of avarice! the general charm! Oh! thou precious dirt, Jove well knew thee when he courted Danäë, for of all the arrows in Cupid's quiver, that which is tipped with thee is surest to transfix the heart! For thee, Atalanta stooped and lost the race to the enamoured youth! For thee, Venus, Juno, and Minerva stripped to the buff, and exposed their naked charms to

mortal eyes! And for thee, o dear o dear! Louis la Grânge deserted Pill Garlick in his critical flight from gaol!

The honest fellow, although he did not betray me, yet in neglecting to leave my little purse behind, he caused a very serious diminution of my funds, besides the trouble and hardship which his absence necessarily threw upon Nanette. We arrived, however, at Strasbourg without any further accident, before the noon of Monday following, I having been from 8 o'clock on Saturday evening till that time, without moving out of my primitive position, or tasting a morsel of any thing whatever, and even without the desire to do so—such is the powerful effect of the mind upon the constitution.

When we entered the town, I whispered Nanette to order the postillion to put up at one of the best inns, because I considered that, in some cases, too much reserve and mystery leads to suspicion, when a certain degree of openness or indifference passes unnoticed. We accordingly drove into the court-yard of a very fine hotel, where Nanette immediately dispatched the postillion, and when he was gone about his business, she told the master of the house, who came to

hand her out of the cabriolet, that the gentleman who accompanied her had got out at the corner, and not being sure whether he intended to stop here or not, she preferred waiting in the cabriolet till he came. The landlord was of course quite satisfied, and being soon called to another quarter, Nanette seeing the coast clear, gave me a signal to emerge from my well. The stiffness of my joints, and the soreness of my bones, rendered this a very tedious operation; had there been any body to whistle to me, it would, no doubt, have encouraged me in the same manner as it does a snail from his shell of a summer's evening, for similar to that animal, in many particulars, was my situation in the present instance. I had but just drawn myself about half out with many a deep-fetched groan, which cut through the pitying heart of Nanette, when the officious landlord, distressed at the lady's sitting alone in his court-yard, came a second time to request that she would alight and step into the house; there the fellow stood doubling his importunities, till the terrified Nanette assured him flatly that she could not leave the cabriolet, and thus once more got rid of him, but not till I had nearly discovered myself by as lamentable a sigh as ever escaped the

bosom of oppressed misery, occasioned by the agonizing position in which I was obliged to remain, while this fellow was stringing his compliments one upon another like ropes of onions. The opportunity again appearing favourable, I made another attempt, and at last succeeded in squeezing myself once more into the wide world. We hurried into the room that was prepared for us within, where I ordered a decent dinner, and while it was preparing, I picked up what information I could relative to passing the Rhine, and other matters of interest and moment. I had no fear of being detected for a foreigner, because I was dressed *tout à fait à la mode Francaise*, and the language upon the frontiers being but very indifferent French, I had, in that respect, an advantage, for in the *pot de chambre*, where I learnt it, it is spoken very well. I was informed that travellers could not pass the bridge without regular passports from the Prefét of their Departments, to the Chief of Police at Strasbourg, who alone could grant the necessary order. I was also told that every carriage was examined for the purpose of seeing that no contraband goods was concealed, and to prevent the exportation of specie, no traveller being allowed to take more money out

of the country than what might be thought sufficient for the expences of his journey. All this information I considered extremely interesting, particularly that of the search for contraband goods, for although the only contraband article between Nanette and me was my body, yet we set such a price upon it, that we would neither of us, for any consideration, have seen it seized by the Custom-house officers in our endeavours to smuggle it out of the country. As to the quantity of specie, we entertained no apprehension of being detected with too much, indeed Louis La Grânge had already, in a great measure, settled that matter for us. The greatest difficulty then that appeared was how Nanette should pass the bridge in the cabriolet; a difficulty, however, which we soon arranged, as she was in possession of a passport from the Prefét of her department, and although of ancient date, and for a very different route, we managed, with a little alteration and judicious *counterfaction,* to make it serve the purpose. After dinner she presented herself at the Police office, and obtained a passport for Kehl, a small town on the right bank of the Rhine, about three or four miles from Strasbourg. It

would not have been prudent to have asked for one any further into Germany, as some suspicion might have fallen upon a young lady's travelling alone, without even a servant or companion of any description. This matter being settled, I began to consider another very important point, which was how I should get *myself* to Kehl. The Rhine here is so wide and rapid, that to swim it was impossible; boats I saw none, and if I had, the penalty is so severe for taking any one across, either to avoid the toll at the bridge, or the strict inspection of passports, that few boatmen will undertake the risk. I finished half a bottle of hock in silent and serious discourse with myself upon this subject, but without approaching one jot nearer to the accomplishment of it.

> "So does a dog that turns the spit,
> Bestir himself and ply his feet
> To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
> His own weight brings him down again,
> And still he's in the self-same place
> Where at his setting out he was."

Determined to overcome the difficulty, and fix on some way of getting out of it, I sum-

moned a grand council of all my wits, placed both elbows on the table, and supporting my cheeks between my hands, I began in that posture to form plans deep enough to carry off the Cathedral of Strasbourg, which, by the bye, although it is not

"Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's,"

is one of the highest buildings in the world; the grand pyramid of Egypt, which is 448 feet above the surface of the earth, surpasses the steeple of Strasbourg Cathedral only three feet; but let us leave these curiosities to the consideration of others, for I am not in safety till I cross the bridge.

The plans I formed were so complicated and so much above my natural understanding as to completely overpower my senses. The fringed curtains of my eyes gradually closed, my elbows aided by the polish of the table, gently slipped from under the burthen of my cheeks, and my weary temples, touched by the soporiferous wand, sunk into the silken arms of sleep.—I may perhaps have indulged in this tranquil spell about half an hour, when I was roused by a voice that sounded in my ear like a blast from the last trump. I turned

round, and saw standing behind my chair a *gens d'arme* at least six feet high! and two others not less frightful, guarding, as it were, the door. The former appeared to me to have a little more *spirit* in his composition than the others, for he was in plain terms drunk.

It will hardly be supposed that I expected to make my escape without meeting some obstacles in the way;---before I undertook it, I was aware of the difficulties, and prepared myself in some degree for the very worst that could happen; to have betrayed myself then by a want of presence of mind, would have proved me but a chicken-hearted enterpriser. Therefore the alarm which the voice of my unexpected visitors at first occasioned, quickly vanished, and I became cool as a cucumber in the end of June. These gentlemen I soon discovered were not particularly in quest of me, their duty was to examine the passports of all travellers, and to enquire into their business. After the one who was behind my chair, said he had the honour to wish me a good day, he requested I might have the complaisance to shew him my passport; I answered that I was an inhabitant of Metz, and having only come from thence for the

purpose of accompanying that demoiselle, (pointing to Nanette,) as far as this town, I did not think it worth while to bring my passport as I intended to return home again that evening. "*Mon cher ami,*" said the *gens d'arme* with a hickup, "the Emperor himself would not be suffered to remain here one hour without giving an account of himself, so just take the trouble, *s'il vous plait,* to come with me to the police office, where by explaining who, and what you are, they will give you a passport to remain here, or go where you please." Upon this, one of those at the door approached, and said that it was all very true; that passports were now more strictly required than ever, and that about an hour ago a gentleman from Paris who had lost his passport on the road, was detained and placed under the *surveillance* of the police till information should be received from the Prefét of his department; but you, Monsieur, who live so near as Metz, will find no difficulty in settling every thing to your satisfaction, so step with us, *s'il vous plait.*"

"Well, well, *mes chers amis,*" said I, "as there is no hurry in the business, let us take a glass of wine together, *s'il vous plait.*" The

gentleman with the hickup readily accepted my offer, and invited his two friends to take their seats at the table. I called for a bottle of liqueur, which, with the best half of a bottle of hock that remained on the table, was finished as expeditiously as I could wish, and replaced by another. Nanette, who from the commencement of this scene was looking out of the window at *nothing*, had now so far recovered her *flustration* as to comprehend a wink from me to approach and entertain her guests with a little agreeable conversation, in order to beguile the time, which I conceived was necessary to finish a few cegars, and a bottle of excellent *eau de vie de Cognac*, that privately accompanied the last bottle of liqueur. She had however, and perhaps fortunately, no opportunity for exercising her tongue. Our discourse was entirely military, being confined to the prowess of the French arms, and the total abasement of the rascally British *(ces f—— coquins Messieurs les Anglais)* so she left us to ourselves. We conquered the whole continent in fifteen minutes—drank to the girls of Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and all the capitals of Europe,—invaded England twice; and the second time actually

marched to London with the "Emperor and King" at our head. Here I insisted upon drinking a bumper to the toast of "*Vive l'Empereur*," and though at the risk of scalding my liver, I generously shewed the example, which was followed to my very heart's content. We then proceeded to plunder the Bank, burnt St. Paul's, cut the Life Guards to pieces, took *le Roi* George prisoner, and ravished all the Princesses with their maids in waiting. After this fatiguing campaign, it was absolutely necessary to have another bottle. I do not think we should have left a single house standing in London, except La Sablonere's hotel, or a single virgin in the west end of the town, if cuck-oo!—cuck-oo!—cuck-oo! had not suddenly called off our attention. We first thought that somebody was listening to our conversation, and thus impudently presumed to turn us into ridicule; but upon examination, we discovered that it was nothing but a clock which 'clicked behind the door,' and by striking *three* immediately reminded my jolly companions that the police office shut in half an hour. My hickuping friend would have gladly remained longer, although by this time he was what we

call fairly sewed up, and the other two considerably more than pleasantly half seas over. While they were taking the finishing glass, and singing a deafening chorus *à tour de mâchoires!* I managed to say a few words to Nanette, and desired her to order the cabriolet and pass the Rhine without a moment's delay, telling her to wait at Kehl till she should either see me or hear of me. The former is what she never expected, for she told me, with tears in her eyes, that she wished with all her soul Monsieur de Balby had put us both in gaol at Verdun ten days ago. "*Au plaisir de vous voir ma bonne amie,*" said I, and then accompanied by my three guests, who I overheard exulting in their good fortune at having passed so pleasant an hour at the expence of a doltish, sottish, foppish, easy-gulled flat, which I had the happiness of being considered by them, we sallied forth for the police office; but had not staggered far before we came to a corner, the convenience of which was so irresistibly inviting to my hickuping friend, that he could not pass it by without gratifying a very pressing desire. The other two, either from the effect of example, or from a neces-

sity equally resistless, followed their comrade into the corner, and the moment I perceived they were all stationed and employed, I pulled out my watch, and straining my eyes to the dimensions of tea-saucers, exclaimed, *Diable!!!* I must walk on *mes chers amis*, or the office will be shut before I can have time to get my passport for Metz, which I would not upon any account miss this evening." "Well, well, *comarade*, move on, we'll follow," said they. "Do, if you please," said I, and moved off at a slow pace, which, upon turning the corner, I took the liberty to accelerate, and by the time my merry companions had satisfied their respective calls, I was probably two streets distant, and might have been three, if it had not been for the soreness of my bones, and the stiffness of my joints. The first frippery shop I spied, I darted into and asked for a common countryman's dress. I chose a brown jacket, a pair of tolerable plush breeches, with their concomitant waistcoat, a pair of dark blue worsted stockings, and a broad-rimmed white hat, all visibly a trifle worse for the wear, though the shopman, laying his hand upon his heart, repeatedly assured me "*sur his parole d'hon-*

near," that they were to the full as good as new. This fellow seeing I was out of breath, and not a little agitated, asked me what had happened? I told him what every body says on such occasions, "Oh! Nothing!"—but to prevent any unpleasant consequences from his curiosity, I added, that I was going to play a trick "*faire une petite farce*" with two or three friends who I had just left at the corner of the market place. "Pray," said I, "what is the price of these five articles of dress?" "*Par ma foi,*" said he, "turning the breeches inside out, to shew they were pretty well preserved within, "I cannot let you have the whole under a louis d'or and a half." "That is dear indeed," said I, "but as I have no time to lose, here's your money, and have the goodness to let me step into the next room to equip myself;" which was performed in a trice, and then taking leave of the shopman, I told him to take great care of the clothes I left behind till the trick was over, when I should return for them. This put all suspicion, if he ever had any, out of his head, for the clothes I left were worth all that were hanging upon the pegs round his shop.

When I went into the street I had a most awkward feel, though I was perfectly satisfied that if I happened to meet my most intimate friend he could not recognize me, and as the fates would have it, I again passed my three bottle companions, who were sitting in the most good-humoured chat upon the steps of a large house, which I suppose was the police office, and where they in all probability thought I was settling or had settled my business. Be that as it may, I was in too great a hurry to follow the cabriolet to think of bidding my friends, (my *sottish* friends) adieu. I therefore continued a fair pace, enquiring my way to the bridge, which was a very smart walk from the frippery shop. When I reached it, I was rather alarmed at the number of sentries and guards, or constables, whom I perceived were examining *almost* every one that passed, but hoping that I might be one of the unmolested few, I made the attempt, though in vain, for I had scarcely got one foot on the bridge, before a gruff fellow called out, "*halte la!* where are you going in such a hurry?" "My dear," said I, "I am only going to Kehl." "Where's your passport?" "I have none about me." "Then to the right-

about, for you shall not pass here without one." "No!" said I,—"No!" said he. "Then pray, friend, how do all those gentry I see, pass without passports?"—"Because they are the market people who supply the town, and they can pass when they please, so be off!" "What, then, you won't let me pass, won't you?" — "No!" — "Do, if you please." —"No."—"I'll thank you if you do."—"I can't."—"Well then, good evening to you, I'll go back and get a passport."

Away I went, a little disheartened, but determined to pass; and while I was ruminating upon some scheme, I saw a large heavy waggon approach, which, upon enquiry, I found was going to Stutgard. I asked the drivers if they would give me a lift; they said with all their hearts, at the rate of four sous per mile, which I readily agreed to, and climbed into the waggon in an ecstacy of joy, A parcel of empty flour sacks that lay in one corner, seemed to offer me a most convenient retreat; I removed two or three, and concealed myself under them, intending to remain so till the bridge should be crossed: but I thought, before I got half way, I should certainly either be suffocated, or die with the anxiety of impatience, for the

pace of the waggon appeared to me tardy in the extreme,

> So many minutes as in hours there be,
> So many hours each minute seem'd to me.

At length we came to the critical stop. I heard the ceremony of inspecting the passports and bills of lading, and even had the satisfaction to hear them all approved of; we then proceeded without the least molestation, as you may, perhaps, think reader. I thought that would have been the case myself, otherwise I should never have agreed to a seat, though at the moderate rate of four sous a mile. After the inspection of passports, it was ordained that the waggon should undergo a further inspection for contraband goods! In came two fellows, one of whom, by his voice, I suspected was he who had not long before ordered me to the right-about. They moved this thing—opened that thing—stuck a long iron probe into 'tother thing—and—O Laud! O Laud! have I breath even now to say it! they pulled the flour sacks, under which lay entombed the nearly lifeless body of unfortunate Pill Garlick. "What the devil is this?" cried they in a stare. The waggoner,

who was of course overlooking the examination of his goods, could not conceive what had become of his inside passenger, but when I was discovered by the removal of the sacks, appearances were so suspicious, that the waggoner, in his own defence, immediately said, "This is a chap, gentlemen, who met me just before I came to the bridge, and asked me to take him up, which I did, but I knew nothing of his intentions to hide himself; however, hand him out here, for he can be about no good, and I'll have nothing more to do with him." I was instantly dragged out of the waggon by the heels, and although the flour bags had given me a very different appearance, I was quickly recognized by him whose voice had before raised my suspicions. "What! *ah le coquin!*—do you know," said he, "that I turned this fellow away not half an hour ago, yet here he has the impudence to come again," giving me a poke in the seat of my plush breeches with his iron probe. "Messieurs," said I, "*je demande trés humblement pardon*, but having very particular business at Kehl this evening, I hope you will excuse this liberty, as it is too late an hour to get a passport."—"*Tait toi polisson*," said the fellow, again

urging his probe into the nether end of my person. "Send him about his business, the rascal," said the other, snatching off my hat and throwing it in my face. I was, of course, obliged to stoop and pick up the felt, in doing which, I presented so inviting a front to the foot of the waggoner, that he could not resist the pleasure of applying it, though without malice, yet in such a manner as to lay me extended at full length upon the ground. All the by standers, moved by the itching spleen, burst into laughter, which the gravity of my countenance, and my whole figure dusted with flour, only tended to increase. When this diversion was ended, my first friend laying hold of my shoulder, said — "I'll tell you what, my tight lad, never let me see you here again without a passport, and don't think that you or a dozen like you are going to chouse me, so now be off about your business." With this he gave me a sort of a tee-totum shove, that spun me from him, to which I had nothing to say, except "Thank ye, Sir," and stirred my stumps. Surely I had a right to be heartily thankful at getting off so cheap, and to which the ludicrous figure I exhibited, perhaps, in a great measure, contributed.

I sauntered about for upwards of an hour, in a very melancholy mood I confess, but still resolved to cross the Rhine. Looking round me, I saw an old man smoking his pipe, whilst he rested his burthen against the stump of a tree. I went up to him and asked what direction his road lay, he answered, pointing towards the bridge, to a village at the other side of the river. "Have you a passport?" said I, "No," said he, "I require none." "But I do," said I, "and as it is now too late to procure one, if you assist me in crossing the bridge, I will pay you well for your pains."—"How, in the name of St. Denis, can I assist you, young man?" said the old one.—"Take these two crowns," said I, "and then I will explain how it can be done:—in the first place, change your cocked hat and coat, for this hat and jacket of mine, lend me those wooden shoes, and let me carry your load!" Had I been the Holy Pope escaping from the clutches of Napoleon, I believe, in my Catholic faith, that the poor old man would have been equally indifferent about me, and equally ready to agree to my proposal, because the two crowns I gave him for relieving him of his burthen, was a greater sum than he earned by carrying

it himself for a whole week. We stepped to one side, and soon put our agreement into execution, in addition to which, I borrowed the old man's pipe, then making a sort of a bundle, which he was to carry for mere appearance sake, we jogged cheek by jowl toward the bridge, he talking of onions and cabbages, and I puffing out clouds of smoke. We passed the first guards without being taken the least notice of, but when we arrived about the middle of the bridge, a serjeant stepped hastily up to me, and tapped me on the shoulder. I could not look up, because the weight of my load not being very trifling, kept my body bent downwards; besides which, the large cocked hat had slipped over my eyes, and nearly covered half my face. I, therefore, said nothing but "*Plait il!*" indeed I could not well say more, for there was absolutely an earthquake in my heart. The serjeant still stood beside me, but making no answer, I thought it might be some mistake, and began to move on again. I made, perhaps, three steps, when he called out "Stop, stop, you are not gone yet, don't be in such a hurry." I am of opinion, that if the bridge had fallen in with me, I could not have re-

ceived a greater shock. As to the old man, the moment he perceived the soldier approach, he quickened his pace by long strides, and walked off without ever looking behind, lest he should be suspected, I suppose, of being in such bad company as mine. The serjeant continued by my side humming a tune, and working with something in his hands, which, as I could not see, I figured to myself might probably be some adornment for my person, handcuffs, thumb-screws, or such like. At the expiration of about three minutes (which appeared to me three hundred) he said "now for it." I should have certainly leaped that instant over the battlements of the bridge with burthen and all, had he not, at the same moment, stretched out his hand, and taken my pipe out of my mouth, for this was the sole cause of the mortifying suspense in which I was held, the serjeant merely having taken the opportunity of lighting his pipe by the fire of mine. "*Adieu, bon voyage,*" said he, when he had finished and poked the pipe back into my mouth. Away I went, venting my maledictions in secret upon the first discoverers of tobacco and inventers of pipes. However, I passed the bridge without being

the least suspected, not even by my friend with the iron probe, who was not to be *choused* by a dozen like me. My burthen and wooden shoes, which, at any other time, would have been intolerable, appeared now mere nothings; and when I had fairly cleared all dangers, I felt as if I could *chassé* and *coupé* with the grace and agility of Liston, in the character of Lord Grizzle,—*Leve sit quod bene fertur onus.*

I soon overtook the old man, who was very anxious to get his goods back, which, for some time, he had given up for lost. We each took our respective property, and before we parted I gave him a cordial embrace, together with two sous for his pipe, which I dashed to pieces the moment I got over the bridge. I arrived at Kehl in something better than an hour, and enquired my way to the Post-house, where I found Nanette sitting on a stone outside the door, exhibiting such a picture of wretchedness and woe, as might have sprinkled even the Gods with tears, or moved compassion in the heart of the most unrelenting stoic!—For my part, I could not refrain from laughing, because Nanette, although she stared at me, recognized me no more than if I had been the

man from the moon;—the more I laughed, the more sorrowful she looked, never having dreamt of seeing me there, and least of all in such an uncourtly garb. I did not, however, long keep her in suspense, and when I discovered to her that it was I myself I, her joy, I verily believe, exceeded my own; fresh tears stood in her sparkling eyes, and seemed to revive her, as doth the nectareous dew upon a drooping lily; for the natural ruby of her cheeks, blanched with fear, quickly returned. Springing in transport from her seat, with a sweet softness she pressed me to her bosom, whilst I, conscious that such friendship ought to be mutual and sincere, shewed, with a warmer pressure, that I was loth to part with her; then testifying my gratitude upon her lips, which the gentle inclination of her fair neck seemed to solicit, I assured her that I was not less happy than herself at the rencounter.

" Thus the Nymph, when dreams affrighting
With her Lover's death alarms,
Wakes with transport all delighting,
Madly blest
When carest
In his warm entwining arms."

I now decided upon steering for Vienna as the nearest residence of a British Minister, and the only direction in which we should be likely to avoid meeting with French troops. I first took the liberty to erase the word Kehl, which was in Nanette's passport, and neatly substituted that of Vienne; we then stepped into our vehicle, and drove off the happiest couple that ever sat behind a pair of post horses. We beguiled half the night in relating to each other what passed after our separation at the hotel. Nanette amused me with all the different ideas she had formed of my being detected, tried, condemned, shot, drawn, quartered, and burned. I amused her in turn, with a faithful history of how I left my three friends in the corner, employed *a la grande pissade* (we are not delicate upon those private matters in France, or indeed any where abroad — Vide Sterne.) — how, after metamorphosing myself in a frippery shop, I passed them by unperceived—how I made two fruitless attempts to pass the bridge---of my treatment after I was pulled by the heels out of the waggon—and lastly, the perverse adventure of the pipe. But what particularly amused her was, how I *choused* the sharp fellow, who was not to be choused by a dozen like me.

The greatest difficulties I considered were now surmounted, in having cleared the territories of France; yet being still in those of her allies, I could not consider myself perfectly free, particularly in Germany, where travellers are pestered about passports more than in any other country in the world; which we may be allowed to suppose proceeds from a nation's distrust of her neighbours, or fear and suspicion of all who wander from home. However, we arrived at Stutgard without any impediment, and probably would have also passed that town without molestation, had not one of the wheels of the cabriolet treacherously deserted its post in turning a corner of the principal street at full swing, when, assisted by the declivity of the hill, it rolled off at the rate of 7 knots an hour, and left us in a dilemma that to describe, would inevitably melt the heart of my reader into a jelly. Among the crowd, which such an accident always assembles, were two gentlemen dressed in black, with cocked hats and steel-hilted swords, who perceiving the alarm of the lady, politely handed her out of the broken-down machine, and beckoned to her lackey (that was me) to follow to a large

house close by, where they said something to us in a language which we could neither make head nor tail of. A French intrepreter was sent for, who informed us that those two gentlemen were the chief officers of Police, and wished to know where we came from, where we were going, what was our business, who we were, and in one word desired to see our passports. I immediately put my hand slowly and unconcerned into one pocket, then into another, then looked upon the floor, then examined my pockets a second time, (but in a greater hurry,) then ran to the cabriolet, lifted the cushions, turned out the straw from the bottom, fumbled in the pockets, and expressed the deepest concern for the loss of what my readers well know I never was in possession of. Whilst I was so industriously searching for my imaginary passport, Nanette produced her's, which was found perfectly correct, and received the accustomed countersign of the Police officers. "Pray," said I to the intrepreter, "mention my deplorable misfortune to those gentlemen; tell them if I were to be shot for it I know not what has become of my passport." The officers received this excuse as I expected, very indifferently, and said that

any vagabond might make the same. I replied that I could have no object in deceiving them, and that my mistress could answer for my character; besides, the date of her passport must prove that we came by Strasbourg, where none can pass without one. The officers shook their heads, muttered something in a very surly tone, and said, that as the young lady had so long a journey before her, and no other person to accompany her, they would not detain me, but gave orders that I should leave Stutgard immediately.

By the time this investigation was at an end the wheel was caught and secured in its original position, fresh horses were put to, Nanette and I re-took our seats, and then drove out of town in a hurry. I would fain have remained a couple of hours in the capital of Wurtemberg, to have had a glimpse at the Princess Royal, or a view of the Royal belly of the King; but I did not think it prudent to disobey the orders I had received; I therefore made up as well as I could for these losses, by admiring the scenery on the banks of the Necker, and the different objects which presented themselves on my way through the circle of Suabia. At the neat little town of Geislengen I was in-

formed that two French regiments were garrisoned at Ulm to superintend the demolition of the fortifications of that town according to the treaty after the battle of Austerlitz. To avoid all risk I got out of the cabriolet at about a mile from this place, and desired Nanette to go on, change horses, and take me up again about a mile on the other side, which was performed without any difficulty to either party; I even had an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity in seeing a great part of those fine works which the French were destroying. Ulm was the first place where I crossed the Danube, it is also the first point where that grandest river in Europe becomes navigable. The river Iller, which here empties itself into the former, greatly contributes to the strong natural position of Ulm, and if a person upon seeing it under such circumstances as I saw it, is allowed to make any conjecture on Gen. Mack's surrender of the place to Buonaparte, I would say, pointing to that General, "there is the head of a traitor!"

The next principal town I came to was Augsburg, the capital of Suabia, a very fine city, which I passed in the same manner as Ulm. Here I saw the palace, which if it has nothing else to recommend it

to the notice of strangers, has at least that of being the edifice where the Protestants in the year 1530, through the organ of the eloquent Melancthon, presented their celebrated confession to Charles the V. known by the name of the 'confession of Augsburg.'

Crossing the river Lech, which runs by this town, I left the circle of Suabia and entered that of Bavaria, and after a few *Police* questions here and there, I reached Munich, the capital city, at sun-rise on a delightful morning, when every thing favoured the view of the rich scenery with which this fine town, beautifully situated on the river Iser, is every where surrounded. The Royal Palace is a magnificent building; I am told it has galleries which run through the neighbouring houses, and even cross the streets, by means of arches which communicate with the principal churches and convents of the town, so that the court can go from one to another unobserved. In Munich I particularly experienced that plague and inconvenience which I have already mentioned all travellers are exposed to in Germany. It was so early an hour when I entered the town, that I thought I could pass through unnoticed, and, therefore, did not leave the

cabriolet as at Ulm and Augsburg; but when I arrived at the Post-house, I was informed that I could not be provided with horses without an order from the chief of Police, and, therefore, was obliged to wait his hour of rising. In vain I told them of the serious consequences of delay, that I was bearer of important dispatches from Paris to the Austrian government, and had not a moment to lose. Nothing would do; the Post-master considered the snore of the chief of Police of greater importance than my dispatches, and would not disturb him. It was nine o'clock, I take it, before a messenger came to apprize me that his Excellency was disposed to see me. I sent Nanette with her passport, which being found all right and proper, she was immediately discharged, with an order for post-horses, and I immediately ordered them to be put to, and again took my seat in the cabriolet. But some officious person having mentioned to his Excellency that the lady was accompanied by a bearer of important dispatches from the court of Paris, he was curious to know the news, and desired that I might be shewn in. Two or three officers, and as many servants, with twice as many messengers, came with

due ceremony to request that I might have the goodness to take the trouble to step in for one moment to his Excellency, who was anxious to apologize for having delayed me so long. The moment I entered the room, to his Excellency, who had taken off his night-cap, and was standing up ready to receive me, measured me from head to foot with an eye, in which, without understanding one word of the Bavarian language, I could plainly discover both suspicion and disdain. Blue yarn stockings, and brown plush breeches, not being the usual costume of a Parisian courtier, or bearer of important dispatches from one government to another, obliged me to confess, in my own mind, that appearances were rather against me. I was desired to shew my passport; I told them of the misfortune that befel me at Stutgard. I was asked to produce the dispatches; to this I at once answered, that I had said so only in the hope of hurrying the post-master with his horses, and that I now begged his Excellency's pardon for so doing. As they all felt satisfied that I was merely a faithful servant of the lady, they let me off with a good scolding, and threatened that if I came that way a second time without a passport, I should not get off so

easily. I assured them it should never happen again, and was then suffered to depart.

These interruptions and delays I determined to avoid in future, by getting out of the cabriolet, and walking through every town till I got out of the circle of Bavaria, when I intended to declare who and what I was. I crossed the river Inn first at Wasserbourg, afterwards at Ætingen, and lastly at Braunau; but it is meet that I should tell you how I entered Braunau, how long I remained there, and how I got out of it.

The sun had already dipped in the western horizon, and six may have been about the hour of the clock, when dozing in the cabriolet with all blinds up, for there was no glass, I was roused by a voice ordering the postillion to stop. I dowsed deadlights in an instant, and out head to see the cause. I was not a little surprised to find myself already at the gates of a town, but when I saw a guard of French soldiers drawn up, I was quite astounded The officer was at the side of the cabriolet, holding out his hand for my passport, which he had impatiently asked for three or four times. Nanette's was of course handed out, and while the officer was inspecting it, I stared

in all directions, thinking that some unhappy mistake, either of the postillion or myself, had caused us to get into a round-about road, that led us back again to France. I was so strongly impressed with this idea, that I could not refrain from asking what was the name of the town; I was answered, Braunau. Thinking there might be two Braunaus, I asked the name of the river; I was answered, the Inn. Thinking there might be two Inns, I asked if I was on the high road to Vienna; I was answered, yes. I would, in all probability, have next inquired the latitude and longitude of the place, if the officer, by hastily demanding my passport, had not expressed his impatience to get out of the rain, which was then sprinkling pretty smartly. I told him we had no other passport than what he had seen. "Well, well," said he, "drive on, but at the post-house you must give a better account of yourself." We drove on, Nanette and I looking at each other in dumb amazement, for neither could guess by what means we had fallen into the hands of French troops.

When we arrived at the post-house, I had the riddle explained. Braunau is a strong fortress on the western frontiers of Austria,

which surrendered to the French arms after the fall of Ulm, and Buonaparte kept possession of it to guarantee the fulfilment of the treaty of Presbourg, a circumstance of which I was as ignorant as the Sophi of Persia. The officer at the gate had sent a serjeant after me, in order, as he said, that I might give a better account of myself; but that being impossible, he left me, and soon returned with orders for my appearing before the governor, who was a French general. I was there asked but a very few questions, for I told the same story as at Stutgard and Munich, and when I made it appear that I was merely the servant of the lady, who was furnished with a regular passport, the General desired I should be taken before the Police, saying that I did not come under his cognizance. This was to me a most happy and satisfactory sentence, for I knew very well I could *chouse* the Police, or a dozen like them.

I had my tale from practice so well by heart, that I ran it over without missing a word the moment I came in sight of my Inquisitors. They, upon hearing it, said that no doubt all was very correct, but it being already late, and a very bad night for travel-

ling, they recommended me to take up my lodging in Braunau, till next morning. I expressed my acknowledgments for their friendly apprehensions at my being exposed to the inconvenience of travelling in such severe weather, but that as my business was urgent, I could not delay upon the road, at least such was my mistress's determination. The Police officers said nothing more, but bade me adieu, and desired one or two of their assistants to attend me to the post-house, in case I should mistake my road, for it was then very dark, and raining so fast, that my broad-rimmed white hat was converted into something like a square yard of tripe. The moment I ordered the horses, the guards who accompanied me, whispered something to the post-master; upon which he conducted me into a small room, and there told me that the lady might continue her journey if she pleased, but that I was to remain till further orders. I could make no resistance to this provoking decree, and as Nanette did not choose to continue her journey without me, she submitted to my fate, hoping that the next morning we should both be at liberty to proceed. Our conversation on the subject was of but short duration,

for each felt strongly inclined to repose, after an anxious journey of upwards of 360 miles, over roads every where cut up by the passage of troops, waggons, artillery, cavalry, and all the train of war; and, excepting the momentary delay at Strasbourg and Munich, never made a longer stop than what was necessary to change horses, which time also served us to eat whatever might happen to be ready at the post-houses. We therefore soon yielded to the allurements of the soft "nurse of nature," that sweet balm of woe, respite from all sorrow, toil, and care, the poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, the indifferent judge between the proud and meek! A Deity! who prefers the humble cottage, or the hermit's cell, to gilded canopies or the downy couch of luxu y, who seldom spreads his soothing spell round the aching brow that supports a diadem, but can steep in soft forgetfulness the weeping eye of honest sorrow, and in refreshing slumbers lull from care the sad heart which cruel fortune has ensnared or wearies with her spite!

Reposing in the comforts of peaceful sleep, Morning appeared not so tedious in her return, as she might have otherwise been; but, as the day

advanced, without hearing one word upon the subject of my detention, I became impatient, and dispatched Nanette to the Police Office, to know if we might proceed. She was there informed, that the regulation of Government, respecting passports, was now so strict, particularly on the frontiers, that they could not suffer me to proceed without first communicating the circumstance to the Chief of Police at Lintz, who, in all probability, would further communicate with the Governor-General of Police at Vienna; that the whole would be settled in a few days; but, in the mean time, I was to consider myself under their inspection, and, upon no account, to leave the room assigned to me in the post-house. This, indeed, said I, is *chousing* to a pretty pass!

I spent two days in a very gloomy suspense, and might have passed two months, had it not been for the following accident: One of the people of the house happened to come into my room, wrapped up in a decent blue cloak. I thought that such an article would be equally convenient as necessary, to conceal the uncouth appearance of my person; and, therefore, asked the owner where I could purchase one like it; he said that I should bespeak it;

but, that if I took a fancy to his, I should have it for the same price he paid for it. I thanked him, and the bargain was immediately concluded. Towards evening I went out of my room with my cloak on, and strolled into the back yard, to see if the cabriolet was in safe keeping; I protest it was for no other purpose, nor had I any idea of going further. However, the man from whom I bought the cloak, thought otherwise; the moment he spied me, he ran into the kitchen to acquaint the Police Guard, who had left his post at my door to smoke a pipe, that his prisoner had escaped out of his room, and was disguised in the cloak which he had purchased from him (the informer) on that day. Out ran the Police Guard, with his sword nearly half drawn, and finding matters exactly as they had been related, he seized me by the collar, and marched me off to the Police Office, where he related a long history, of which I could not comprehend one word, it being in that language which Charles Vth very justly remarked, was the fit one for horses; but the result of his oratory, was an order for my body to be safely lodged in the town gaol, where I was immediately conveyed, and given up to the

gaoler, who shewed me into a very decent description of cell, it being furnished with a bedstead, two stools, and a table, and not many degrees worse than my room in the post-house. I sat down much chagrined at finding myself thus embarrassed, after having overcome so many former difficulties; and my present disappointment was doubly vexatious, because I had flattered myself that all troubles and dangers would cease, from the moment I entered the Austrian territories; but this is, no doubt,

"To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count our chickens ere they're hatch'd."

I was three days in this prison, when a Police Officer came to inform me, that answers had been received to enquiries that were made about my passage through Munich, Augsburg, and Ulm; the police of the former, said, that a person of my description had been detected on such a day, endeavouring to obtain post-horses under the pretension of being a bearer of important dispatches to the Austrian Court, and that from the account I had given of myself, they had formed no very favourable opinion of me; but, that at Augsburgh and

Ulm, no such person had passed through those towns; and, therefore, the Police of Braunau had acted very judiciously in detaining so suspicious a character. This intelligence, though it by no means tended to dissipate the gloom of my prison, at least made me set all my intellects to work, in the hope of discovering some mode to get out of it. Had I been in any other Austrian town, except this perverse garrison, I should not have hesitated in declaring who I was; but, having already been before the French Governor, it is not likely that he would let me slip through his fingers, when he came to know that I was a British prisoner escaped from France.

The gaoler was an old man, by no means one of the iron-hearted ones of his profession; in the first place he gave free admittance to Nanette, whenever she came to visit me; and, in the second, he never locked me in my celi, except at night. In the day I was permitted to pass to and fro to the fire, in the apartment occupied by his family, and in return, I always shared my bottle and my dinner with him, so that in a few days we became confidential friends. His family was but small, consisting merely of himself, an old wife, a young

daughter, and a grey cat; their customs, their doors, windows, locks, and keys, were attentively examined by me, and in my solitary moments, I managed, out of various plans, to fix upon one that I hoped would be the means of regaining my liberty. This was to disguise myself in a dress similar to that of a tailor's wife, who came every day at a regular hour to see her Snip, a poor man who had had an awkward dispute with the justice, about cabbaging his neighbour's goods, for which he was lodged, gratis, during six calendar months, in the Royal Edifice, where I had the honour of seeing his wife. Nanette, after strictly examining the make and shape of the dress, managed at fit opportunities to smuggle the different articles into my chamber. One day, when every thing appeared to favour the execution of my design, I dressed myself *cap à pièe*, and had just opened my door to sally forth, when, at the same moment, who should I see but my tailor's wife! My surprise was as great as my disappointment, for she was going out a full hour sooner than her daily custom; I was, of course, obliged to retreat, strip, and wait another opportunity.

Four days elapsed before a favourable one

presented itself: the mother was at mass, the daughter at market, the gaoler smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, and my prototype consoling her forlorn 'ninth part of a man,' when I, dressed as I ought to be, stole softly out of my cell, and, with a woman's pace, stepped along the passages, passed the old man, unbolted the half-door at the entrance of the gaol, bolted it after me again according to his directions, and then, tucking up my petticoats as high as decency, or the delicacy of a tailor's wife might allow, I hastened to Nanette, who, according to agreement, was waiting my appearance at a corner of the street, before she should order horses to the cabriolet, which she had the privilege of doing whenever she pleased; and, to prevent suspicion, when our plan was laying, she had two or three times gone out with the cabriolet, under pretence of taking the air. I was a full German mile from Braunau, before Nanette, with all her haste, overtook me; so little was the activity of my limbs impeded by the rustling of my scarlet stuff robes, which, by-the by, from time to time, I pulled over my head for the greater convenience of walking, and dropped them according as any person appeared

before me on the road.—My fair readers must not suppose that I forgot my plush breeches.—When the cabriolet came up, I beckoned to the postillion to stop, and made it appear to him as if I was supplicating the lady to take me in, which she kindly agreeing to, we drove on, both much alarmed, but, at the same time, pleased with our adventure.

The town of Wells, upon the river Traun, through which I passed, concealed in my secret hiding-place, was the only town of consequence that lay in our road before we arrived at Lintz; there I intended to declare who I was, and to throw myself upon the protection of the Police; but they took good care I should pay them a visit, whether I wished it or not; for the cabriolet had no sooner stopped at the entrance of the town, than it was surrounded by a party of Police guards, who my Braunau friends, by the exact intelligence they forwarded, had been the means of preparing for my reception. They escorted the cabriolet to the government-house, where Pill and the lady were introduced before, I don't know how many judges or justices, who spoke one after the other, and all together, without our being able to com-

prehend one single word of what they said. At last one of them, a gruff ill-looking scoundrel, asked me in bad French, who, and what I was? I answered that I was a British subject just escaped from France, where I had been four years a prisoner of war. "You Lie!" was the only, and identical reply he made to this confession. "Thank'ee Sir," said I, and made a becoming bow. "I am well acquainted with all your transactions," said he, "Prove that you are a British subject—Prove that you have come from France, — Prove it, or you shall feel the utmost rigour of the law; *you* a British subject? *you* a gentleman? you be damned!"

Though much vexed, I could not resist smiling at the intemperance of this ruffian, who was actually as furious as if I had been accused of an attempt to poison the whole Austrian Empire. "My appearance, Sir," said I, "is certainly not that of a gentleman, and much less of an English one, which I have the honour and glory to be; but, Sir, if I was nothing better than what this humble garb represents, it ill becomes one in your office, to insult me in so gross and unprovoked a manner."—"Silence, you insolent vagabond!

have you the presumption to dictate to me?" lifting his hand at the same time in a threatening posture. The tear of indignation started from my eye, as I looked the fellow in the face; "This," said I, "is indeed being valiant against no resistance; had I the power of it, in all probability, I should see a want of that valour which now would fain so glaringly appear."

He instantly turned round and gave vent to his choler, by ordering that I should be taken to prison, where I was actually thrown into as wretched a dungeon as that in which my readers already know I passed a Christmas night with an unfortunate condemned prisoner. But even in the midst of this gloom, I considered myself a happier being, and far more at ease, than those whose miserable tempers, ever on the fret, have extinguished every sentiment of social virtue in the breast; whose natures, steeped as it were in the gall of passion, can display nothing but that ignoble feeling of tyranny or jarring discord, with which their bosoms are eternally distracted; and quarreling with the whole world, are shunned by their friends, despised by their enemies, and tormented by themselves;

their narrow souls are shipwrecked in the sea of their own wretchedness, by the tempest of their own passions. Thrice blest! are they who feel the peace which flows from meek-eyed gentleness. Doubly d——d! are they, whose souls are ever racked with fierce contending passion, violence, and rage.

I was about two hours in the dungeon, when the gaoler brought me a note from Nanette, stating, that she was ordered to leave Lintz, and to proceed immediately upon her journey. I made signs to the gaoler, for pen, ink, and paper, which he went out to fetch, and returned accompanied with a man who spoke French, and also very tolerable English, through whom I learned that the fellow who had abused me, and sent me to prison, was one of the principal officers, but not the chief of police; that the latter was a very good man, and as much liked as this blusterer was detested. I had already stretched myself on the flags of my cell to answer Nanette's note, when this information caused me to change my mind; in its stead I wrote a short statement of my case in English and French, and enclosed a gold watch key, on which was engraved my name, crest, and date of

my being taken prisoner. This was the only document I had to prove the truth of what I asserted, and which my interpreter engaged to place with all speed in the hands of the Chief of Police. In less than half an hour, I was conducted before him, and was asked a few questions in a very different style from the former. I was afterwards desired to write to the British envoy at Vienna for passports to proceed, and till they came, I was to consider myself under the *surveillance* of the police; but with permission to reside at any hotel I pleased, and to walk about the town. Nanette's reprieve was also granted; so after getting back my key, I retired with a dancing pace, and a truly joyful heart, for I considered I had obtained a grand triumph over my first insolent brow-beating judge.

Six days elapsed before I received the necessary passports from Vienna, during which time I amused myself very happily at Lintz, the capital of Upper Austria, and residence of the principal nobility of the Empire.

Among a number of very curious objects which I saw in a cabinet of natural history, was a small fish that is to be found in the

Danube, near the Black Sea. I was told that if put into a bottle filled with water, and a little sand at the bottom, it announced by its tranquillity or agitation, the different changes of the weather, as correctly as any barometer. I set off from Lintz immediately upon receiving the passports; and three days afterwards arrived without further molestation at Vienna, where I put up at a very fine hotel, called the Hungarian Crown; and where, if I had pleased to exhibit my cabriolet at sixpence a ticket, I might have defrayed the expences of my journey; so great was the curiosity of the well in which I had concealed myself, and which none could form any idea of without ocular proof.

Now having reached a safe and smoother ground,
I pause a moment, and I look around.
At once the prospects cheer, and full repay
The previous toils and dangers of the way.
Tho' true, o'er many a hill and many a plain,
Miles of fatigue, and trouble still remain;
Yet Heav'n can well support,---can well befriend,
And Heav'n, I trust, will guide me to the end.

ARGUMENT.

A polite and alarming visit.—Insidious designs on foot for kidnapping Pill Garlick.—Gratitude of a Tiger.—Pill really serious.—His opinion of Adieu.—Would fain moralize, but holds his tongue.—Pill is no Saint.—And why.—Supports an assertion with a curious fact.—Asks a puzzling question.—Leaves Vienna.—Dreams, which some may consider of an amorous nature.—Places whose names he defies the reader to pronounce.—"It's well its no worse."—Veni, Vidi, Vici.—Pill travelling in a turf basket, joins the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia.—Arrives in a helpless state at Memel.—A promiscuous society.—Gambling in perfection.—Late Queen of Prussia.—Pill arrives at Copenhagen.—His sudden retreat from thence.—Cheshire Cheese.—Pill's happiness at seeing him who he never saw before, nor since.—Coast of Norway.—"All the difference in the world."—Pill whistles.—Works his passage to England.—His much ado about nothing.—Liberty.—Arrives singing at Edinburgh.

CHAPTER III.

Thus like a man whose hourly wants implore
Each m[illegible]'s relief, he strolls from door to door,
But hears no voice except from churlish lips,
Or cruel beadles with their torturing whips.
At length he finds some unexpected treasure,
Stoops, lifts, departs, and joyful beyond measure;
Is so transported that he scarce believes,
Or what he feels, or what his eye perceives,
Nor dares to trust, still fearing it a vision,
Or flatt'ring dream, deserving but derision.

So difficult did I find it to get rid of my antipathy to police officers and military men, particularly tall ones with cocked hats, that on a sudden appearance of either one or the other, I several times darted round a corner, skulked into a shop, or absconded at full speed through a lane, according to the convenience of the moment. It even occurred one morning as I lay dozing in bed, and ruminating upon the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of Verdun, that, upon hearing the clock strike

nine, I bounced up, plunged into a pair of breeches, slipped into a pair of shoes, dived into a great coat, and away headlong down stairs at the risk of my neck, through sheer fright, at supposing myself too late for the Verdun *appel*, or morning muster. Some days passed before I could fancy myself in security, or reconcile my mind to peace and quiet. Indeed, when I thought all my troubles were over, and I had begun to relish the amusements of the gay city of Vienna, I one day, in the politest manner possible, received a very serious alarm, by a visit from an aid-de-camp of General Andreossy, the French Ambassador to the Austrian Court, who sent his compliments to request that I might take the trouble of calling upon him, as he had a subject "*très intéressant*" to communicate. I enquired where his Excellency lived, wrote down the address with great punctuality, and desiring my compliments, I assured the aid-de-camp that nothing should make me neglect the message I had the honour to receive. When we bowed ourselves out of each other's company, with all that good breeding so becoming to gentlemen, and so naturally easy to those whose manners

have had a little *frenchification*, I hurried to acquaint the British minister of the unexpected visit I had received. I told him that I was not particularly ambitious of General Andreossy's acquaintance, or the least curious to know the subject "*très interéssant*" which he wished to communicate; and what I requested of him, as British Ambassador, was some sort of security from being kidnapped by a French one. The British Ambassador being one of those who had formed two or three parties to see the coffin-like machine in which I was so long buried, was well acquainted with my case, and through compassion, perhaps, at my sufferings, and my having arrived alive at Vienna, he kindly offered to lodge me in his own house, saying, "let me then see who will venture to kidnap you from that." I declined the offer for many reasons, but urged the necessity of obtaining some security for my person, from the Austrian Government, as the master and servants of the hotel, told me that the French Ambassador had sent two or three fellows, at different times, to enquire for me; but I fortunately happened to be absent at Baden, a delightful village, about eighteen miles from

Vienna, famous for its hot baths, to which a great deal of company resort, and where curiosity induced me to pass a few pleasant days. The British Ambassador waited upon Count S——, the Austrian Minister of State, and informed him of the suspicions I entertained of being seized, and sent off clandestinely to France. Count S—— said, "that the French Ambassador had already spoken to him about the escape of Mister Pill Garlick from Verdun, and had demanded, in an official form, that he might be given up, and sent back to that place." To which the Count replied, "that there was no covenant between the two Governments, which authorized such a demand on the part of the French Ambassador, unless the person so demanded was accused of some crime, which fell under the cognizance of the laws of nations; but that not appearing to be the case, in the present instance, Mister Pill Garlick was entitled to the protection of the Austrian Government, and, therefore, was at full liberty to remain, during his good behaviour, at Vienna, or to return, if he pleased, to Verdun." The undersigned was, however, quite delighted at having that opportunity of

assuring his Excellency of his high consideration.

When I received this satisfactory intelligence, I, of course, considered myself free as air, and doubly enjoyed the amusements of the Austrian capital; but, at the same time, I never was so imprudent as to venture even within two streets of where General Andreossy lived. If any of my readers are inclined to doubt the probability of the French Government's intentions to carry me off, *vi et armis*, from the capital of another monarch, I shall just take the liberty to put the following question.—Think ye, that the Government which, in the face of all Laws of Nations and of Honour, seized upon the Noble Duke D'Enghein, who was unaccused, and, I believe, unsuspected of any crime? Think ye, I say, that the same Government would be very delicate about seizing the body of the more humble Pill, and re-conducting him to France, adorned, perhaps, with chains of at least 136lbs. weight, which, if my memory is not treacherous, was little more than half of what the dexterous Baron Trenck had on, when he leaped a six-foot wall, holding his spider in one hand, and his mouse in the other, with-

out any accident, except squeezing his mouse, and breaking one of his own legs, &c. &c.

Among the many places I visited in the delightful environs of Vienna, I must not omit the Royal Palace of Schœnbrun, where there was a magnificent menagerie, containing all sorts of birds and beasts, which are taken the greatest care of, and enjoy a comparative liberty, to what they do in other places where they are kept for show. The elephants, besides their houses for sleeping or feeding in, have a spacious court, where they may exercise all their cunning, and have room to frisk and frolick like kittens. The lions, tigers, wolves, panthers, and all that tribe, have also, besides their dens, ample room to walk about and shew themselves, or to bask in the sun, if they please it. The bears, which were remarkably fine ones, and extremely savage, had, in their court, a large bath for swimming in, and in summer or winter were constantly in it. I here saw a very fine tiger, who grieved so much in consequence of the death of his royal consort, as to put his own royal life in imminent danger. The physicians (they had likewise their physicians and apothecaries in ordinary) ordered drafts of warm

blood, a live cat or dog, and such like, to be taken (as bolusses,) morning and evening, three times a week. His royal tigership followed these prescriptions for some time, but without any benefit, for the disease lodged in the head and eyes, and became extremely alarming, so that all his attendants despaired of his life. One morning a very tempting bolus was presented, a fat little black dog, which after trembling and looking about in dread of his situation, crouched over, and took the liberty of lying down beside his royal host, who was extended at full length upon a bed of straw. This intrusion not being taken the least notice of, the dog, by degrees, nestled himself up towards the tiger's head, and there began to lick his eyes, the principal seat of the disease; the tiger expressed great satisfaction at this proceeding, and seemed to encourage the familiarity of his visitor, who, in the end, by attention and care in cleansing the eyes of his royal patient, succeeded in restoring him to perfect health, for which he was admitted to the royal favour, and gained so much on his affections, as to be able, in a short time, to master him in every thing. If the tiger attempted to

touch the food that was thrown in, before the dog picked out the choicest morcels for himself, the latter would fly at him in as great rage as if he meant to devour him instead of the food. In this menagerie was to be seen a very fine bisson, which had a large court to himself, but was so very ferocious, that people generally satisfied their curiosities by peeping at him through the key hole, or chinks in the door. Two or three times, in the hope of making him a little more domesticated, and of rendering his confinement more agreeable, a cow had been introduced as a partner, but, in a few minutes, he gored her to death in the most ferocious manner. The menagerie, a few years before I saw it, took fire by some accident, and many animals were destroyed in the flames; others, among whom was this furious bisson, managed to break their way out, and escape into the country. Lions, tigers, elephants, ostriches, kangaroos, and monkeys, were to be seen prowling about the vicinity of Vienna for several days; so that a stranger happening to pass that way, might have imagined himself transported to the neighbourhood of Pekin, or at least might have suspected, as I did, when roused at the

gates of Braunau, some serious mistake in the geography of the country.

I passed upwards of two months very happily at Vienna; perhaps I should not have delayed there quite so long, if I had not expected to receive my trunk from Nancy, whither I had written for it, offering a liberal remuneration to the guardians, for the liberty I took in sending it to their house. But in due time I received a letter from Verdun, informing me, that General Wirion had it conveyed to his house, and after chusing for himself and his worthy consort the best of its contents, for it contained many little valuables, he ordered the remainder to be brought to the hammer, where they fetched one hundred and twenty-four louis d'ors, a sum which I very much regret I did not credit myself with, when winding up my little Verdun matters on a subsequent occasion; indeed, the amount of this daring robbery of my goods and chattels would have twice paid all the just debts I ever owed within the dominions of France. By the letter from Verdun, I was also informed that Wirion was still working with his government to have me given up, and that according to the state of

things at that moment, it would be as well to set out for England.

I took the hint, applied for the necessary passports, and prepared to accompany a King's messenger, then about to be dispatched, by our Ambassador, to Lord H——, who was at that period with the King of Prussia, in the north of Germany.

The last two or three days I passed in the Austrian capital, appeared to me as dull and *ennuyeux*, as any two or three days I had ever passed before. Perhaps some may think I might as well leave this subject in silence, but I cannot, for two reasons, prevail upon myself to do so. The first is a desire to satisfy those feelings of gratitude, which I believe, by being disclosed, can discredit no man, but, by being kept secret, deprives others of a consolation, which, though slight, is always favourably accepted, because it is considered as due, and when suppressed, it is supposed that past services are forgotten, and therefore leaves room for offence. The second is to prevent even the bare suspicion of ingratitude from attaching, in this instance, to the conduct of Pill Garlick. In a word, then, the cause of this gloom was my approaching separation from

the young companion, who shared all the perils and hardships of my adventurous escape. I knew and felt I owed her much, and grieved to think that it was not in my power to reward her even according to my own satisfaction, still less, according to her own deserts.

The custom of taking leave at the moment friends are about to separate, is so general, and so ancient a custom, that to depart from it would be slighting our friends, and be considered, no doubt, a very blameable singularity; besides we all know that

'.... il vaut mieux souffrir d'être au nombre
des fous
Que du sage parti se voir seul contre tous.'

The hour of adieu is, however, most unpleasant and perplexing; for although it be the time when friends reciprocally *intend* to impart their sentiments, and give their best verbal proof of each other's kindness, yet is it that, of all others, when they can least express themselves. The heart, that seat of every true affection, if it could speak, would, indeed, be eloquent; but the tongue, although the herald of the heart, declines its office, or

only imperfectly utters a small share of what its prompter in vain throbs to disclose. The two or three last days were employed in meditating upon five hundred different modes of taking leave of Nanette; but the hour of adieu arrived, without having fixed upon a single one; I was, however, obliged to say something, and thus it was.

"That we must separate here, Nanette, you are already aware, and although my delay has been protracted on your account, I would willingly still continue, if I thought, by remaining, I could be of service to you; but that not being the case, and as circumstances absolutely urge my departure, I am now about to bid you farewell, and to thank you, from my heart, for all the kindnesses I have received from you. My disability to requite you, makes me really ashamed in offering this trifle; but still the certainty of knowing that it is the utmost I can now do, and that it is neither given nor received as a mercenary payment, it somewhat lessens the repugnance I feel in bestowing it.*

* Had it been in my power to have given an hundred times more than a *trifle*, Reader, I should have gladly

"Every thing requisite for your comfort, during the time you think of remaining here, is already settled for; and when you chuse to return to France, I have arranged that you shall be conveyed to your family, without the least expence to yourself. My worthy friend, and late fellow prisoner, Mr. C——, has also promised to give you any assistance you may chance to require, during your stay at Vienna. Be assured, Nanette, that I shall be happy, at a more seasonable opportunity, to give you stronger proofs of my gratitude, at present I have not the means. The only testimony I can offer, is this gold watch, which, though it may remind you of the many anxious hours you passed, in a fatiguing and hazardous journey of near five hundred and fifty miles, it may also serve as a satisfactory remembrance, that through your constancy and steadiness, the donor enjoys the inestimable blessings of liberty; and who, had it been set with diamonds, would have given it with equal good will, and have considered it equally

done so; but my claim to liberality or true generosity would not have been one *sous* the better.

.... "Who does the utmost that he can,
Does well, acts nobly—Angels could do no more."

inadequate to repay the obligation he feels he is indebted to you.

"On the subject of your future life, Nanette, I would fain add a few admonitory words; but as those who preach the wholesome doctrines which they do not practice, are commonly considered as hypocrites, I chuse to be silent; at the same time, do not suppose that the advice I have given you, on other occasions, is the less salutary, because it came from one who never was, and, from his nature, never can be a paragon of Virtue. The Libertine, though he 'recks not his own rede,' may be capable of giving edifying instructions. You must be convinced that I could have no interest in deceiving you, when I pointed out the scorn to which those women are inevitably doomed, who, under the mask of transient gaiety, unblushingly pursue their dissolute career; nor was it under the apprehension that such a lot was ever likely to be your's; my object was merely to put you on your guard; for those of your sex, who have had the misfortune of being betrayed in an unsuspecting hour, are, more than all others, exposed to the sorrows and troubles of the world. I therefore wished to caution you against being

tempted by mercenary rewards, or being deceived by faithless protestations; the former are certain steps into the pit of infamy and disease, the latter generally lead to the vale of misery and distress; because the man who, under the appearance or influence of *love*, can make advances of a matrimonial nature, to a woman who has lost her virtue by the traffic of her charms, must either be a deceitful villain, bent upon her further destruction, or a weak contemptible mortal, lost to every sense of moral decency and manly shame. A woman in your condition, Nanette, (though many in a higher sphere are less deserving of it than you are) cannot, must not, expect to experience the sweet endearments of genuine love; his golden shafts are not to be purchased, nor are their joys to be found in borrowed smiles. Love is a feeling, as superior to the licentious revelry of prostitution, as the genial warmth of the all-cheering orb, is to the chilling blast of dreary winter,

'L'amour n'est fait que pour les gens heureux!'

"These, Nanette, are truths which may offend the ear, but ought not to offend the heart, because they are uttered by a friend who never

has deceived you, and is now more interested than ever in your future welfare."

In a tone which I shall never forget, but which I need not describe, because this subject concerns myself alone, Nanette made this short reply; and reader blame me not, if I confess that even now, the thought claims the homage of a tear.

"Neither my ear nor my heart can ever be offended at the friendly precepts of advice; if you think so in this instance, you do me a considerable injustice, for I am really at a loss how to express my gratitude; and the satisfaction which I before felt in the idea of having rendered you some little service, is now entirely overcome by that kind interest which I plainly perceive you take in my welfare. As to my future life, though I thank you for the caution, I assure you it was unnecesary; I would rather terminate my own existence, than abandon myself to that lowest degradation of my sex,—a life of public infamy. A happy life I can never expect fully to enjoy, nor can any other female who has sensibility to feel the loss of that inestimable treasure of which her

bosom has been robbed—but I will not detain you with fruitless lamentations ;

'—qu'importe qu'on s'intéresse,
Aux maux qu'on ne peut soulager !
Je veux épancher ma tristesse,
Et non la faire partager !'

We are now going to part, no doubt for ever ; an event which, although I expected, and thought I was prepared for, is I find as much as I can bear,

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells in my breast and turns the past to pain."

"It is, however, some consolation in my affliction to think, that if the unfortunate Nanette should ever occur to your memory, nothing to her prejudice can accompany the thought. Now farewell—to hear of your prosperity and happiness, will be the greatest pleasure I can receive ; for you must not think me dissembling when I assure you, that dearer are you to me, far dearer, than all the ruddy drops which visit this sad heart !"

Could I feel insensible to expressions so kind and so truly disinterested ?—Perish that

man who could!—Anxious to give her some grateful return of mutual affection, I clasped her panting bosom to mine, and the tear which fell was the silent, but perhaps the best testimony I could then give of the feelings of Pill Garlick.

Pill is no Saint, for Saints it is pretended, rigidly abjure the lusts of the flesh; neither is he as great a *debauché* as Solomon, who passed his life among concubines in chambers furnished with sofas of ivory and gold, covered over with purple velvet. Pill is not one jot better than he should be; but his head would never lie easy on his pillow, could his conscience accuse him of having seduced a woman from her innocence. The crime he considers infamous, the injury beyond all reparation. What then the crime, and what the injury, committed by him, who after robbing a female of her virtue, abandons her to the storm and spite of a frowning world! where, vexed by cares, and harassed by distress, till misery or despair sinks her in the tomb, she must exist an indelible disgrace to her disconsolate parents, and to herself, a sad reproach of bitterness and pain.

Ye dashing high-blooded rakes who shout the frequent damn,

"Who light of heart in may-day pride,
Meet love with smiles and gaily amorous song,"

mistake not the genuine dictates of a feeling heart, for the unmeaning and ostentatious effusions of a weak hypocritical mind. I enjoy and indulge in all the pleasures of this life with as eager an appetite as youth, health and spirits can suggest; still I declare from my soul, that I look upon a seducer and base deserter of a woman, as the most detestable of villains. Can any pang exceed that with which the conscience of such a man must eternally be racked?

"The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us,
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash!"

Having touched upon this chord, it can be no impropriety to add here, that the unfortunate objects of a seducer's triumph are not all to be considered alike; all do not lose with their honour, the remaining properties of social virtue. There is a wide differ-

ence between the abandoned prostitute, and the woman who requires only to undergo the short ceremony of marriage, to make her conduct as decorous and as praise-worthy as the chastest matron.

My lord Chesterfield remarks, that it is possible for a woman to be virtuous, though not strictly chaste. I am somewhat inclined to agree with that polished nobleman; want frequently undermines the chastity of women, and want, or avarice, frequently promotes that virtue in men. Hence arises a curious paradox, that women may oftentimes be vicious without any fault, and men virtuous without any merit. The Syren who,' compelled by harsh Necessity's supreme command,' to beckon to the passenger, has only his purse in view; and the prudent Ulysses at the same command, or probably from a stronger *penchant* for his purse, often turns a deaf ear only to save its contents. Ah! many and many a double-u would be chaste as Penelope, would her necessities allow it; and many a Stoic would keep a harem would his circumstances afford it. The frail sisterhood are too severely judged, and too indiscriminately heaped together by their own sex. I cannot account for the cause, unless it be as

among men, concealed cowards bully known cowards, so among women concealed double-u's do the same.

But what is a double-u?—Aye! that's the rub—Why I protest I cannot exactly say, but I take it to be of very ancient origin indeed. I know one very good story about it, and as it must naturally be a love one, verse is of course the prettiest style to tell it in.

'What folly 'tis a wife to take,
All lovers sure are blind,
Each woman is at heart a rake,
What faith in womankind.
The best of wives we must agree,
(To give the sex their due).
Or has been, or intends to be,
Or is, a double-u:

Thus Jackey Dandy sung or said,
A saucy rhyming varlet,
I'd wish to know where he was bred.
To call a lady harlot!

This was one of those High-diddle-diddle Jack a napes's, who think they pass for wondrous fine fellows by expressing on all occasions a contemptuous and slanderous opinion of the sex; but let us hear how the ladies

intended to serve him, had not their modesty interfered.

To punish an affront like this
They held a consultation,
And all resolved to give the quiz
A wholesome vapulation.
They sent him an obliging card
Inviting him to supper,
He comes, they seize the luckless bard,
And quick lay bare his crupper.
Each seizes on a birchen broom
And makes a swinging rod,
But Phœbus saw the poet's doom
And acted like a God!
For while he trembled for his breech
And thought himself forsaken,
Phœbus inspir'd him with a speech
That served to save his bacon.
"I own" cried he, with feigned concern,
"The crime of being witty,
So let each lady take her turn
And flog me without pity.
Yes I submit without demur,
This only I implore,
Let me be flogg'd the first by her
Who is the greatest W——"

Now whether it sprung from a high sense of etiquette in each lady, by not wishing to

deprive her neighbour of her just right and title, or from a modest diffidence in each not wishing to take precedence in the ceremony, is not upon record, but certain it is, that the rods fell spontaneously from each tender grasp, and the vagabond escaped without his receiving his deserts, which I swear by the Great Mogul should not have been the case, had I been there, for I would have welted him, till all was blue, even though at the expence of my reputation; such is my abhorrence of those mincing, fluttering *petit maitres*, who wish by their vain jargon to be considered the gay irresistible seducers of the whole of womankind —*dergens!* equally insolent as impotent!—

I cannot refrain from stating one very particular example, in support of what I have advanced relative to that abuse which is too indiscriminately heaped upon the weaker and less scrupulous fair, commonly called less virtuous fair.

A few years ago, in a town whose name I do not choose to mention, but which is well known to those who dwell there, I was acquainted with a lady who, when I first saw her, was about 19 years of age; a more beautiful creature in face form and figure I never beheld.

" * * * *

Faultless was her form as Beautie's queen,
And every winning grace that love demands,
With mild attemper'd dignity was seen
Play o'er each lovely limb, and deck her angel mien."

She was then the mistress of a gentleman of fortune, who, by the bye, possessed in as great a degree all what the world calls handsome in man, as the other did all the beauties of woman. To him she sacrificed her virgin frame, and lived with him some years in all the ease and splendour of fashion, some in all the miseries of necessity.

At both those periods the gentleman repeatedly offered to marry his mistress. I myself have more than once been bearer of his letters of intreaty, which I can testify were the honest dictates of his heart; but never would she listen to the proposal, though to have married him would have been for her a most advantageous event, and the means of a creditable independence; however, nothing could induce her to alter her strange resolution, which resembles that of the famed Eloisa.

"Not Cæsar's Empress would I deign to prove,
No, make me mistress to the man I love."

From the first hour she knew him, till the hour she closed his eyes for ever, her conduct was irreproachable, and her fidelity unsullied, even by a breath of suspicion. Whether, pray, is the life of this woman, who has never been married, or that of the divorced wife who has been twice married, the most indecent and reprehensible?

> "'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
> Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
> That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
> Attuning all their passions into love."

Here then is an union between two faithful lovers, who have but one heart, one will, one soul; free to separate, they are only the more closely united. If this is what is termed 'illicit love,' under what pretext can I accuse it as a crime? The marriage of our first parents, which it would be impious to criticise, was not more solemn; the two lovers consented to take each other for husband and wife; as such they acted together, and as such they lived to the end. An union founded upon mutual tenderness, is it not more pure, and more estimable than that which is formed for us by others, or what is worse, formed

upon adulterous or sordid principles, and often confirmed through necessity or force? Indeed, a marriage for money is at best "but a legal prostitution."

Now, lest what I have said should induce any maiden, however virtuous, or any matron however chaste, to suppose that I am an advocate for introducing into these dominions the non-matrimonial system of the Naires, among whom 'love is liberty and nature law,' I wish to assure them that I harbour no such idea; for although we are well informed that their system answers admirably in the southern latitudes, I am persuaded our climate is too cold to admit of it; moreover, I never wish to see our matrimonial laws disrespected or infringed, firmly believing, as I do, that marriage has the power of rising us to the summit of every bliss in this life, in as great a degree as it has of depressing us to the *ne plus ultra* of worldly wretchedness and woe, which I trust all wedded folk will allow is saying as much as can be said for their state; besides

"All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train
The same with those in Lewkner's-lane,

But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of, &c."

My object in this disquisition is merely to point out the unchristian-like injustice of involving in the same disgraceful and criminal condemnation, those who have only neglected a particular law of the church, and those who trample down all the laws of decency, morality, and religion, with the same unblushing indifference. I wish at least to draw a veil over the undesigning error of the one, as an incident natural to, and proceeding from the frailty of the human heart; but do not hesitate to expose all the infamy of the other, which can proceed only from the voluntary depravity of the soul. The former I have sufficiently enlarged upon, the latter I conceive to be truly what is meant, or ought to be meant, by 'illicit love'—That low and criminal intercourse formed between the prodigal rake, and the abandoned prostitute, who love but for lustful enjoyment, and love no more when that enjoyment ceases; who disown the object which contributed to their pleasure and the fruits which arise from it. Nature herself loudly condemns this criminal connection; She

proposes by the union she forms, the propagation of her species; the Sensualist, on the contrary, dreads such an event.

Illicit love is that which is practised in those licentious assemblies where intemperance and excess reign without restraint; where health, honour, and fortune are at once sacrificed at the shrine of revelry and prostitution; where sentiments of delicacy are considered absurd affectations; tenderness a nauseous insipidity; complaisancy, attention or respect, servile condescension.

Having thus expressed my opinion upon low prostitution, I think that which I previously offered in defence of "Lovers' Vows," should be considered the less liable to reproach. In truth, nothing but the most prudish illiberality, can pronounce the "sweet idolatrous passion" to be the delirium of a depraved imagination; merely, because it happens not to submit to the ceremonious forms of matrimony, which, by the bye, in its best state, some consider to be but putting on a golden yoke. However, in taking a final leave of this subject, I will attempt to prove, in a few words, that *my* opinion of the married state, is not of a nature to draw

down upon my head the maledictions of its votaries.

In the first place, the crown of Hymen can never be received, but from the hands of love,—to acquire it otherwise, is only to usurp it; but under its legal domination, I can fancy nothing more delightful in this life, than to love, and be loved. Fortune, honours, riches, amusements, all must be nothing in comparison to conjugal happiness. It is a love which I can conceive to be more a description of self-love than any other; in it also paternal or maternal tenderness takes its purest source. The engagement is likewise more holy than any other under Heaven; a stolen or clandestine one, can easily be broken off; the caprice of a lover can in one moment dissolve the tie by which he is held; but when it is founded upon mutual affection, contracted by mutual consent in the presence of witnesses whom we esteem the most; cemented by parental acquiescence; authorised by the laws, and consecrated by religion; what force does it not acquire? An union founded upon such principles, must surely be inestimable happiness; and if to the portion which the female brings in

such an union, nature adds the angelical and voluptuous gift of personal charms, the cup of bliss is then indeed complete—a blessing so pure and delicious, that the love of the husband becomes a homage which he pays even to heaven, in adoring that which it has placed most perfect upon earth—the united excellencies of virtue, innocence, and beauty.

It was a fine morning, somewhere about the middle of the month of June, when the King's messenger and I, without any compliments, stepped into a German barouche, which we purchased at a joint expence for our journey, and drove out of Vienna on our way to Memel, the northernmost port in Prussia, at that time our shortest route to England consistent with safety. Travelling with a courier, who never makes the least delay, day or night, we may well suppose is not the mode of performing a long journey according to the rule of comfort; however, after the schooling I had had, every thing appeared to me, luxury in perfection! Had I been swinging in all the ease and comforts of a hammock, my sleeps could not have been more deadly agreeable; my eyes gradually closed at the setting of the sun, and as gradually opened again at an advanced hour in the

morning; sometimes, indeed, my companion found it necessary to rouse me, when, influenced by a dream, I stretched out my arms and hugged him in my embrace. On those occasions I used to sigh, beg his pardon, yawn, and go to sleep again, but never thought fit to give further explanation,

——— for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Before I left Vienna, I purchased an amazing nice little book, and three or four pencils, with a full intent to note down every place I passed through, however indifferent, and every thing I observed, however trivial, from one end of my journey to the other; but before I arrived, even upon the celebrated plains of Austerlitz, like all other idle buzzy-brained travellers, I forgot to make a memorandum, not to forget to remember to make memorandums in my memorandum book. There were two or three events, however, which have not escaped my memory: and first at Brinn, the capital of Moravia, in whose neighbourhood a very fine Austrian army of thirty-five thousand men, were encamped, ready at a moment's notice, to act against the disturber of the world; but

the battles of Eylau and Friedland, which led to the peace of Tilsit, together with that indecisive conduct and great want of union, which at that period marked all the cabinets of the continental powers, caused the opportunity to slip by, and their designs were frustrated. When we arrived at the post-house of Brinn, we were soon known to be Englishmen; the Windsor uniform of my companion (the dress of all couriers) being new, and his silver greyhound, the *insignia* of his office, pendent from a button-hole, not being known to every body, I believe, (to say nothing of our barouche,) caused us to be estimated at a trifle more than our actual consequence entitled us to; but as it is never the custom to contradict, or dispute mistakes of that nature, we, of course, received all the honours that were paid us with a becoming grace and dignity. Generals with their suits, and among them the commander-in-chief, surrounded our barouche to compliment and invite us to their houses; the latter prevailed upon us to get out and take some refreshment. In the course of conversation, my companion had sometimes considerable advantage over me, for he happened

to know nine words of German more or less, and I knew only two; but on the other hand, I had somewhat the advantage of him, for I happened to know French, and he knew not one word of it; therefore, as that language is very generally spoken in Germany, my knowledge of it made up, in a great degree, for the wooing effects of the new Windsor uniform, silver greyhound, and nine words of German. We partook of a handsome collation at the commander-in-chief's quarters, and within an hour's time, were again lolling in our barouche. As our road lay directly through the centre of Moravia, we had an opportunity of seeing the principal part of that country, and passed through the handsome town of Olmutz, which was formerly the capital; there we struck off in an easterly direction, and crossing the mountains of Krapach, (or as the Germans have it Carpath) close to where the Vistula, takes its source, we traversed a small tract of the rich country of Silesia, and after crossing the rapid Vistula with no small degree of pusillanimity, in a sorry bark, on a very stormy day, we arrived safe and sound at Cracovie, the fine well-built capital of Poland; where, in 1794, the brave Kos-

ciusko declared himself chief of the Poles; but after many heroic attempts to establish their independence, failed in his enterprize. The number of Jews in this city is prodigious; indeed the towns in Poland swarm with them, some are *rich as Jews*, and many make a livelihood by cheating travellers in the change of money, sale of fruits, and nick-nacks, with which they beset all strangers the moment they stop at the post-houses. From Cracovie we intended going to Warsaw, but its proximity to the French armies obliged us to sheer off and alter course about four points to starboard, in which direction, after a day and a half smart run, we again crossed the Vistula between Ozarow, and Rachow, near Czÿzow, not far from Goscieradow, a little to the southward of Jozefow, and northward of Zawiechost, on the road to Dzierzkowice, Urzedow, and Belzÿce; through some of these jaw-distorting places we passed before we arrived at Lublin, another very considerable Polish town, which at that moment was all alive like *a bag of fleas*, (heaps of fleas in Poland!) in consequence of a grand fair which is held there two or three times a year, and to which buyers

and sellers from all nations resort. From Lublin we were obliged to take a cross-road for upward of forty miles with the same horses, before we got into a regular post road leading to Memel. In this cross road we had two adventures, which, for want of better, I shall record here.

At a small village where we stopped to feed the horses, our driver asked us to treat him to a glass of spirits; we thought he deserved two, and willingly gave them. Perhaps all my readers do not know that the saying, "He drinks like a German," alludes to the Poles, who are very much addicted to drunkenness; some would dispose of the shirt off their back for a glass of brandy—pray observe that I speak from my own personal knowledge of the fact, for our driver actually did so. The two glasses we gave him occasioned such an irresistible thirst for a third, that having no money, he thought proper to strip himself of his shirt, which he bartered with the bar-maid for a glass, or may be *two*, of spirits. When we started again upon our journey, and had gone about a mile, a violent jolt over the trees, aided by the rickety effects of the liquor, caused our driver to be pitched harlequin

fashion, i. e. head-foremost, several yards out of his seat; away went the horses, of which we had four; but if we had had fourteen we could not have gone faster, nor would they have been yoked in a different manner; which, according to the custom of the country, is always abreast of each other, and without the incumbrance of harness, leading reins, or caparison of any description, except the ropes by which the carriage is dragged, and which are tied in a sort of slip knot round the neck of each horse, with a bit of a string for a rein. Now another custom of the country is, to have but few regular-made roads, so that when the tracks leading from one town to another, are any way cut up, the traveller just edges off to one side, and chuses his ground. The horses in this instance edged off a little too much, and in chusing their ground, did not take notice of a very picturesque stump of a tree which stood immediately before them; however, by springing two to one side, and two to the other, they very dexterously avoided doing themselves the least injury. In all probability they would have shared the barouche between them, and each pair have carried off a half, with the King's messenger in one, and Pill Garlick in the other,

had not the violence with which they banged us against the tree, caused all the ropes to break, and by that felicitous casualty, left us together to condole ourselves with the philosophical ejaculation "It's well its no worse!"

Having had occasion to mention our jolt over the trees, some may enquire what business we had there, and be curious to know, if we were drawn through the air by winged horses, by peacocks, or by doves. I make no doubt of being able to satisfy this curiosity, when I inform the curious, that in Poland, timber being much more plentiful than stones; trees are used for repairing the roads, or rather the *tracks* through the country, and after lopping off their branches, the trunks are placed together, and laid over marshy places, with which Poland abounds, and without this mode would be quite impassable in winter; hence the cause of our travelling over the trees.

The postillion, after being well kicked by my companion, and soundly pommelled by me, was sent in chase of the horses; who, as before observed, paired off at opposite angles from the stump of the tree. We, in the mean time, set, with all our ingenuity, to work to repair our shattered vehicle, which

lay like a vessel bilged upon the Eddystone rock; but we managed so well with ropes, and sticks, and stones, that in the course of an hour we hauled off, and were able to continue our journey.

I suppose we had gone the matter of eight or ten miles, and were passing through the midst of one of those immense forests, which supply Europe with the best timber, when our second adventure occurred. This was an attack by a banditti of fives Poles, who fortunately were only armed with poles. Previous information, together with the dreariness of the scene, caused us to be, in some degree, prepared for an attack; so that the moment two of the gang stopped the horses; The King's messenger, who was a stout man, nothing under six feet, leaped like great Jove from his chariot, with a drawn sword in his fist, "Come on, ye thundering thieves! there! take that!" said he, and with this he fetched the first Pole such a devil of a lick o'the head as laid him in the dust. The blow certainly was not a death blow,

> Yet as he tumbled down and fell,
> Did murther! murther! murther! yell.
> The driver then, slap bang'd! a stone
> At t'other,---not so huge a one

As that which Diomede did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T'have sent him to another world.
Pill Garlick next a shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy;
This startled their whole body so,
That they unto their heels did go,
And 'till all five were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.

Thus we got rid of our foes without any loss on our part, and little damage on theirs; but, although we were conquerors, we could not claim the same honour and glory as Hudibras, who boasted that

Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, who can say, twice I
In one day, *veni, vidi, vici.*

We were, however, quite satisfied with our single victory, and rather glad than otherwise, that we arrived, without further opportunity of putting our valour to the test, at Wlodowa, on the river Bug, along the left bank of which we travelled for several leagues through the province of Lithuania, where Ceres seemed to

have lavished all her treasure, for I never saw such oceans of corn, not even in the fertile plains of Castile, as here bounded the horizon in every direction. When we arrived at Bialystock, a very pretty town, and from its fine gardens called the Versailles of Poland, we were obliged to sell our barouche for a few ducats to a Jew, as it became too crazy to trust to any longer. Henceforward we travelled in the post carriages, or, as they are more properly called in the country, "post-waggons;" they are long wicker machines, upon four low wheels, and happened to remind me of the kishes we use at home for carrying our turf from the bogs. The horses, generally three, or four, or five, are yoked, as I have already described, abreast of each other, and the lightness of the machine enables them to gallop with ease from one post to another. After passing Grodno, which we left upon our right, every day's journey became more interesting, though more tedious, in consequence of the demand for horses; the roads being thronged with troops, sick, wounded, and convalescent, provisions, forage, and military supplies of all sorts, that were passing to-and-fro for the Russian and Prussian

armies. Before we crossed the Niemen we fell in with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, with their respective convoys, all in full retreat, after the desperate, but unsuccessful, battle of Friedland. We took the liberty to join company, and entered Tilsit along with them, where, if my companion happened not to have been a British courier, I, very probably, might have had a chat with the Ex-emperor of the French, Ex-king of Italy, Ex-defender of the Confederation of the Rhine, late Sovereign of the Island of Elba, actual *citoyen* in the island of St. Helena, and presumptive heir to rank and consideration at the far side of the Styx. This little great man entered Tilsit at the head of his imperial guards the morning after us; an event which was expected, and occasioned such a demand for horses and post-waggons, that even a jackass with a pair of creels would have fetched any price, so liberal were the offers for animals to carry off the terrified inhabitants into the Russian territories; but the post-master took care that the English courier should be provided with horses, and we took care to lose no time in getting to Memel, where we arrived the next day in the train of their Russian and Prussian Imperial and Royal Majesties. This

town was so full of sick and wounded troops, and refugees of every description, that not only every bed, but every room, in every house, public or private, was occupied, and full as they could hold. I knew of several who offered five, six, and more ducats (upwards of 3*l.*) for a nightly lodging; but they were obliged, like me, who offered nothing, to "prick for a soft plank," or look out for a soft flag, at some covered hall-door; and even of these, the smoothest and most inviting had all their owners, for I selected two or three in different places, and had scarcely stretched myself upon them, when up came either an officer or civilian to say, "I beg your pardon, Sir, that's my flag."—"Sir, I beg your's;"—and was then obliged to shift my bob, and go in quest of another. This was really a very serious exertion, for although the journey I had just finished was only between six and seven hundred miles, yet, never having stopped for one whole hour at any place from the time I left Vienna, my joints, from want of practice, became so stiff, as actually to decline their functions, and my legs were swelled to such an enormous size, from being so long confined, particularly in

the turf-baskets for the last hundred and twenty miles, that if the whole Inquisition of Spain had been in pursuit of me, with the torch of fanaticism flaming in their hands, and applied to my ——, I could not have gone off, nor escaped by my own exertions at the rate of a mile in twenty-four hours. As it was, I had my victuals conveyed to my flag, where I lay, like Lazarus, unheeded by all, because every body had enough to do to take care of himself.

The treaty of Tilsit, which immediately succeeded the battle of Friedland, was considered, I believe, by most of the powers of Europe, as a very disastrous one; whether it was or not, I don't mean to dispute; but I mean to inform my friendly reader, that it happened very *apropos* for Pill Garlick, for it prevented the advance of the French armies, which every body in Memel was expecting, if for no other purpose than that of satisfying Buonaparte's desire to publish in his Moniteurs the total destruction of the British nation. British property at Memel has always been very considerable, and at this period there were about thirty sail of deeply-laden English merchant-ships and two frigates lying

in the harbour, the whole of which he might have easily taken, for they were detained by contrary winds fifteen days after I arrived there.

Those who are acquainted with the situation of Memel harbour in the gulf, called the Curisch Haff, and had an opportunity of surveying it with as great attention and anxiety as I did, must know that no ship can get out of it without a leading wind from one particular point, nor even then if there happens to be much swell upon the bar; so that if Buonaparte had advanced from Tilsit, a march only of between fifty and sixty miles, he might have taken every man Jack!

By degrees I recovered the use of my limbs, and in a few days managed to insinuate myself into a society at an eating-house, where a *table d'hote* was held, and being the only one in the town, occasioned a meeting of as promiscuous a set as ever assembled round a large deal table. I'll trouble you to fancy yourself peeping through the key-hole of our mess-room-door. At the head of the table sit two or three officers of the Russian imperial guard, with fierce mustachios; at the foot two or three Don Cossacks, with awful beards, and

their spears resting behind their chairs; at this side four or five Prussian hussars, richly dressed; at that side four or five Polish lancers; here two tremendous Prussian grenadiers, whiskered from the chin to the eyes; between whose pondrous bulks, in meek humility, sits pale Pill Garlick; there two officers of heavy cavalry, encased in glittering cuirasses; between whom, with an air of cold indifference, sits a King's messenger, in his new Windsor uniform; in this corner two British sailors, baleing out the broth, who, in their check shirts, think themselves cleverer fellows than all the others put together; in that corner the trembling landlord, noting down his plates and glasses, of which, a little confusion and an awkward extension of hands and arms, together with a general struggle for elbow-room, occasions an alarming destruction; here and there a captain of a British, Danish, Swedish, Russian, or Prussian merchant ship; with as many more different characters, which, at this distance of time, I cannot recollect, and if I did, I could not describe them.

Among the various scenes of this world, it has been my lot, as I have already hinted, to

perform an active part, more than once, in that fashionable warfare, called duelling. I have seen swords and pistols, at different periods of my life, exercised with fatal consequences in deciding trifling points at issue; nay, I have even seen fists, and sticks and stones employed with tremendous bloodshed, in terminating little matters of dispute; but a duel which I saw at Memel, between a captain of Brunswick light infantry, and a lieutenant of the Queen of Prussia's hussars, was decided upon a system which I was not before acquainted with.

Ten o'clock in the morning, on a sandy plain, about three miles from Memel, was the time and place appointed for the *honourable* meeting; to which I, and upwards of five hundred others, repaired, through curiosity, a full hour and a half before the parties concerned, although they were upon the ground rather before than after the time.

The two officers were in the full-dress of their respective corps, each attended by two friends or seconds, and each second carrying a rifle. I do not mean a rifled-barrel pistol, I mean the regular rifle-gun.

The combatants first took their stations

about eighty or one hundred paces assunder, and the spectators ranging themselves in ranks at each side, formed a lane of about ten feet wide. Two rifles were then delivered into the hands of those for whom they were duly and carefully prepared. A deliberate aim was taken by each; and a pistol, to be discharged by one of the seconds, was the signal for "Fire!"

The Lieutenant hit the Captain in the neck, but not so severely as to oblige him to decline another round, for which purpose the seconds immediately presented their *friends* with fresh rifles.

The second round was fired according to the ceremony of the first, and the Captain was again wounded, his adversary slightly grazing the left shoulder; but without making any visible change in his countenance or manner. A third round is now prepared for; they again level at each other; the signal is given; the fatal triggers are drawn;—both combatants fall!—the Lieutenant never to rise again!—Hitherto he had escaped untouched; but was now shot directly through the head, the ball entering at the forehead. The Captain received his third wound in the left breast,

which, before I left the ground, was declared mortal. Both the wounded and the deceased were conveyed by their friends back to Memel.

I heard no more of the matter;—but the dispute which occasioned this duel originated in my presence; and *some* of my readers, at least, will feel a something more than ordinary surprise, when I inform them, that all this blood was spilt for—an old glove! which, even when new, was not worth, with its fellow, two guilders, or at most three and sixpence of our money.

Rising from dinner at the *table d'hote*, the Captain, in taking his helmet from the nail on which it was hung, let fall one of his gloves, which were inside, and did not miss it till after he had left the room, when he returned to look for it, and found it under the feet of the Lieutenant, who, by mere accident, formed one of a group, in which I also happened to be, looking over two Cossacks playing a game of drafts for a bottle of brandy.

"I wish, Sir," said the Captain, hastily, to the Lieutenant, "you would look where you tread!"

"Why so, Sir," said the Lieutenant, "what do you mean?"

"What do I mean, Sir? Damme, don't you see you are trampling on my glove!"

"Oh! I beg pardon, Sir, I did not see it before; but I think you might speak in another tone!"

"I will speak in what tone I please, Sir,—that is not your business!"

"Sir, I will make it my business when any man presumes to address me in an insulting manner!"

"Then, Sir, I will make it *my* business to address you in another tone, and at another opportunity too!"

Upon saying this the Captain withdrew, and was followed by the Lieutenant for an explanation; which explanation terminated in the catastrophe I have described.

Behold two fine young men, who had never before seen each other, unless fighting in the same cause, under the same colours, deliberately sally forth, with all the bitterness of old and inveterate enemies, each determined to take the life of the other, or fall in the attempt;—and for what?---a conversation accidentally arising from a glove!

Thought I to myself, a real and more insulting enemy is close at hand, against whom you might have had ample opportunity of distinguishing your names with credit to yourselves and honour to your country, if, like true heroes, you had resolved to die gloriously. But where the heroism in such a conflict! or where the glory in such a death! Valour is, without doubt, a virtue, and that, too, of the highest estimation; cowardice an inexcusable weakness, the meanest, basest stigma that can attach to the character of man; but where the virtue in such valour? or where the cowardice in declining such a combat?

Methinks I hear a young man whisper in my ear, "I render homage to the justness of "your questions, Pill, and at bottom I am "disposed to agree with you in their applica- "tion; but I am lost in the world if I "hearken, in this case, either to your coun- "sel, or to that of my own conscience; I can "no longer appear with honour; and honour "should be dearer to every man than life."

Honour!!! Ay, ay, there you go with your Honour! Always Honour,---poor hackneyed Honour! But true *Honour*, let me tell thee, can never be at variance with just rea-

son. Is it for such frivolous offences that honour requires us to expiate by our blood, an affront that we pretend is offered to us?

"True, Pill, we all perceive the absurdity "of the act, but none can abjure it,—besides, "our *courage* may be called in question." "There you go again! another shoal, where those fire-eaters, roused by the spirit of false honour, are sure to strike upon; for it must be confessed, that nine duels out of ten, are more for the sake of making the parties pass for courageous, than for the sake of being avenged upon the agressor. But even if vengeance was the real motive of a duel, are we not all taught from our infancy, that true courage consists much more in forgiving an injury, than in revenging one? To forgive, we must overcome the transports of passion; to revenge, we need only yield to them; an Irish shoe-black can do no worse. But whither am I posting? I am aware that if I was the Holy Pope, declaiming upon this subject from St. Peter's chair, till the candle went out, all my moralizing would be '*vox sed prætera nihil!*' Let me, however, conclude, by informing obstinate saffron-eyed prejudice, and fastidious would-be heroes, that neither

cowardice nor effeminate meekness, has urged me to say what I have said. No man could see the duel which I have described, and witness the cause of it, without reflecting,—my reflections I leave to the opinions of such men as that General of antiquity, who, in the midst of a battle, said 'Those who most fear the Gods, are those who least fear men.' Such a sentiment could have sprung from the breast of none other but a brave man—and by such, with due submission, I submit to be judged.

Here it was that I saw gambling in its very essence of perfection, and here it was that I resolved never obstinately to maintain my own opinion (a too general custom) upon what I have never had an opportunity of seeing, I say of *seeing*, for that is the rock we all split upon, strangely fancying that every thing is exaggerated, which is a little extraordinary, and differing from what we ourselves have seen. "*La petitesse de l'esprit*," says Rochefoucault, "*fait l'opiniâtreté, et nous ne croyons pas aisément ce qui est au-delà de ce que nous voyons.*"

Travelling, with a little observation, I have already given you a hint on a former occasion,

is, beyond a doubt, the best mode of gaining information; it is the sure way to rescue the mind from prejudice, it teaches to moderate credulity and *incredulity*, and, at the same time, assists to detect imposition.

'Till I saw gambling in Germany, I should have been apt to tell a man he said the thing that was not, if he said that gaming was carried to a greater pitch in any part of the world, than it was at Verdun. I thought the thing impossible, and would, perhaps, have challenged my dearest friend, who, by saying that the Germans were the greatest gamesters in the world, attempted to rob the Verdun guests of that honour. However, experience, that best of information, pointed out my error, and, indeed, every day proves to me that half the world

> " Are nastier in their own opinion
> " Than those who never shift their linen."

In Memel, day and night, time of meals, and time of rest, were all employed in rattling the dice box. Among many desperate players, I saw a Colonel of Prussian hussars, after losing a purse full of gold, go out of the room, and shortly after return with a bag,

which he emptied upon the table, and lost at one throw ; the sum was certainly not less than one thousand pounds sterling, and from the mixture of Louis d'ors, Frederick d'ors, ducats, guineas, and other coins, which formed the mass, I suspected that the Colonel, in the course of his campaign, had made a prize of some Frenchman's portmanteau ; but that being none of my business, I have only to add, that after losing it, he played for his pay, and in five throws, lost five years' pay that was to come. His adversaries, who had clubbed their money into a very considerable bank, refused to play any longer upon *tick*. The Colonel then took out his watch, and staked it against twenty Fred'rick d'ors ; this he lost also.—He then took off his cartouche-box, which, with belt and all, was very rich ; fifteen Fred'rick d'ors was the sum staked against it ; he won the throw,—and let the whole remain doubling for the three or four succeeding ones, which he also won. In short, in the space of ten minutes, actually not more than ten minutes, he won back the whole of what he had previously lost, together with the bank upon the table, the horses of two gentlemen, the watches of all, and then walked off, not

having left a dollar in the room to stake against him.

The *sang froid* with which the whole business was performed, particularly amused me, because I myself never was accustomed either to lose or win money with so much indifference. 'Command, you may, your mind from play,' was a copy I often wrote at School, but I don't recollect to have written 'Command, you may, your temper at play.' It was not uncommon to see one officer lose to another his pay for months and years to come; in a word, all the play I have ever seen before or since (which was no trifle) I consider mere pewter-play! paltry chicken-hazard! in comparison to what I had the pleasure of seeing at Memel.

My amiable friends think no doubt that I, of course, made one in the ring at the *table d'hote*, and that the principles I had imbibed at Verdun, were too strongly imprinted, to be got rid of in so short a time. Whether I did or not is perhaps of little consequence, but hearken to the truth. I am even now, at this moment, quite disposed to sit down to a rubber of whist, from five shillings to five guineas, with a trifle upon the odd trick, and

an occasional bet or two in the course of the game; but I solemnly vow that the spirit of gambling has evaporated for ever! In the first place, before I left the "*pot de chambre*," I had tired of play, for I discovered that when I was winner, I was not one *fippenny-bit* happier than when I was loser. Twenty-four hours scarce passed over my head, before I felt equally unsettled, equally dull and stupid, after the boisterous hubbub of the gaming table, and perhaps felt more desirous of returning to it, than if I had been a loser; so that instead of pleasure and content, which gamblers delude themselves in the hope of, I found, as all others must do sooner or later, nothing but troublesome anxiety, disquietude of mind, and a constant exposure to broils and quarrels. Gaming is like the abuse of wine or spirituous liquors, which, for a time, exhilarate the mind, but in the absence of the stimulus, all the ideas have a gloomy cast, and every sensation is unpleasant. The man, then, who discovers the cause of his unhappiness, and continues in it when he has the power of avoiding it, must, though only four feet high in his shoes, be a GREAT BIG FOOL. In the second place, disappointment,

ennui, and, above all, the pernicious effects of example, induced a great many youngsters at Verdun to play, who otherwise never would have thought of it, and among that number was myself. Yes, I say, myself, and none have reason to doubt the assertion, because let me say the very best, or the very worst I can of myself, now is the time that neither good nor ill can come of it. I am a Citizen of the World, and Providence is my guide, I have not vanity to expect to ingratiate myself into the favour of any one, by the feeble and fulsome recommendation of self-praise; neither do I fear to offend any one living by the exposure of my evil doings. The approbation of my own mind is the only reward I have to expect for any good I may happen to perform; and the remorse of my own conscience, the only punishment I have to dread, for an opposite line of conduct; but after all, this reward is perhaps the sweetest, and this punishment the keenest that can affect the bosom of man. Hitherto I have not been placed by fortune in a situation to taste the comforts of the former, and with all my sins upon my head, I think I shall never place

myself in a situation to experience the pangs of the latter.

Since justice is due to ones-self, as well as to others, I cannot but repeat, in my own defence, as well as in that of my young brother libertines at Verdun, that the pernicious effects of example, and the want of an admonitory friend, were our greatest misfortune. I am yet but a young man, though with experience enough to discover, that, under the happiest circumstances, the faithful counsel of a friend is indispensably requisite to form and correct the expanding mind of youth; the shoots of reason as they sprout, must be cultivated with a close attention, and pruned with a careful hand, or every little error as it appears, will spring up like foul weeds, even in the richest soil. At Verdun, all this friendly care was wanting—which, as the best-informed man perhaps the world ever produced, that 'great luminary of science,' the illustrious Lord Bacon, remarks, 'is the best preservative to keep the mind in health; and without the faithful admonition of a friend, no man can fitly play his part—he may quit the stage.'

Now observe, ye keen and unrelenting censors, what it is fitting ye should all know and act upon. 'Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among ye, examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of such temptation; and what often, if not always weighs more than all the rest, how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all.' Any man who can thus think, will scan the failings, nay, the faults and crimes of mankind around him, with a brother's eye.

To be taken unexpectedly from our accustomed pursuits, and placed where we have nothing to do, or rather where we know not what to do, having no adviser, is, I take it, being placed in the centre of idleness, and idleness, we all know, is the forerunner of every vice. If this position is granted, I shall be bold enough to add, that none more than sailors experience the vacancy, the *miseries* of non-employment; their profession

is an uninterrupted scene of activity and exertion both of mind and body, not only differing from, but having no connection with any other whatever; this renders them absolutely incapable of applying steadily to other occupations; for when estranged from their own, they feel thwarted and perplexed, their minds sink into a state of indolence, and they soon become an uneasy burthen to themselves.

Let no one contradict the basis upon which I advance this fact, because there may happen to be *one*—*one hundred*—or *one thousand*, if you please, in the naval profession, who are men of general talent, who can employ their time at all times to advantage, and who have abilities to shine in any situation. If there are *twice* as many (but I strongly doubt there are not *half* so many) it cannot, I imagine, overcome my argument, the sole object of which is to shew, that we sailor-folk at Verdun, had a fairer excuse than those of any other quality or profession, who, in common with ourselves, so profusely lavished the most precious moments of our lives, in scenes of idleness and dissipation.

" Yes, we were caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment and pain."

Among the British merchant ships at Memel, was one bound to London, in which I took my passage; but before I sail, I must say one word of the late Queen of Prussia, who I had frequently an opportunity of seeing, either walking or on horseback; being an excellent horsewoman, riding was what she generally preferred. The first time I saw her Majesty, I fancied I beheld Diana apparelled in the garments of Pallas! She wore a light green habit, made in the most costly manner, after the uniform of her own hussars, a rich pelisse on her left shoulder, and upon her head, a remarkably handsome and becoming helmet; in this dress, she has often rode through the ranks of the Prussian army, to inspire the soldiers previous to a battle, and to cheer them after defeat. No one could look on that beautiful woman, without thinking of the well-known description of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, for Louisa Augusta was also " like the morning star, full of life and splendour, and joy." It is true the cala

mities of her country, at that period, deprived her of joy, but she possessed, in an eminent degree, that dignity and heroical constancy, with which some, even in the midst of misfortunes, can erect a trophy to their honour. In all the disasters of an unfortunate war, she never would let the King listen to the proposals of Buonaparte; nor would the treaty of Tilsit have taken place, if she had had the power to prevent it, having opposed to the last, the interview appointed between the Sovereigns at that place. "Better," she said, "to suffer all the calamities of war, than to treat with Buonaparte in our distress, which will be to sacrifice at once the dignity of our crown, and the honour of the Prussian nation." Sentiments worthy of a Queen, and worthy of being admired; for it is with truth remarked, that nothing strikes the human mind with greater admiration, than to see a soul intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Louisa Augusta of Mecklinburg Strelitz, died shortly after the peace of Tilsit, in the 31st year of her age.

I now bid adieu to Memel, from whence I sailed in the good ship Endeavour, of London, and seven days afterwards, anchored in the

harbour of Copenhagen, where the ship was obliged to remain, till a convoy was appointed for England. I therefore disembarked, and took up my quarters at a very excellent hotel, in the principal square of that fine city. I dined as usual at a *table d'hote*, which I venture to recommend as the best method of living for all bachelor travellers, the company being, in general, composed of people from different countries, and of various professions, trades, or employments, so that much entertainment, and no small share of information, is to be acquired among them; besides, it is the surest way of getting a good dinner on economical terms.

I had spent three or four days very happily at Copenhagen, when the first division of the secret expedition against that place arrived from England, the greater part of which passed by the city under a press of sail, pretending to be bound all haste to the island of Rugen. It well deserved the name of "secret expedition," at least among the Danes; for I believe in my conscience, that there was not a soul in the whole island of Zeland, who suspected its real destination.

At our *table d'hote*, I recollect the subject

on that day, monopolized the whole conversation after dinner; and so certain were we, that the troops would be landed in some part of Swedish Pomerania, that not less than five glasses of wine were expended in drawing plans of operation upon the table with fingers and thumbs; some sketched off the whole seat of war, others drew up the two armies, and prepared for fighting; nay, some even delineated with the greatest nicety the cross firing of the artillery. At my end of the table, we surprised a division of the French army near Stettin, which place we entered sword in hand; then crossed the Oder, and were marching with flying colours towards Dantzic, when a note from the British consul requesting my attendance, obliged me to leave the company, who, no doubt, continued the campaign with spirit, and perhaps took Buonaparte prisoner before I arrived at the consul's house.

Upon landing at Copenhagen, I waited on the British consul, to know when a convoy was likely to sail for England; but he not being certain of the time, kindly promised to acquaint me with the first that should be appointed, and this message was

something to that effect. When I entered his house, I saw servants packing, cording, nailing, jostling, and bustling in every direction; the consul told me, there was something abroad which he could not comprehend, and that he was preparing for a run. Two British men of war, he said, appeared off the harbour that morning, and without giving him the least previous intimation, had ordered every British ship to weigh and proceed without a moment's loss of time to Elseneur, where they were to rendezvous for further instructions, and thence sail without delay. "Pray, Sir," said I, with my hair on end, "Is *my* ship gone?"—"Every ship!" said he.

I did not stay even to say "Thank'ee Sir," but made a start and off! fast as I could ply my stumps, who, on this occasion, seemed to envy each others precedence, so eagerly did *both* strive to be first at the hotel, where I ordered a carriage for Elseneur, and drove at such a pace, as to arrive there half an hour before sun-set; but that was something about three quarters of an hour too late, for I was only just in time to view the rear of the convoy under full sail with a fine breeze, turning

round the point of Cronenbourg castle! When the stern of the last ship slipped out of my sight, I was absolutely, according to the general acceptation of the word, "Bothered!" Had Hamlet and his father's ghost appeared, they could not have caused the least sensation upon my mind, for I was for half an hour as inanimate as a Cheshire cheese. Ah! sweet Poll of Plymouth, had you been there, then indeed you might have "waved your lily hand and died!"

I deem there is not a port in the whole world, to which British ships have traded, that is deficient in ale-houses, or more correctly in gin-shops, established for the recreation of Jack; and as he scorns to speak any of your d——d outlandish lingos, and tolerates none but his own true British stuff, the owners of these gin-shops are compelled to learn, and indeed their practice soon teaches them, Jack's sea rhetoric.

When the dense fog which enveloped my brains had, in some degree, cleared off, I bent my solitary way to a gin-shop. I could not mistake the road, for I *followed my nose.* Upon entering the door, I asked, "Pray is there any body here who speaks English?"

"*Yes, Sir, what you please to have, grog, porter, wine,*"—said a man dressed in a sailor's dress, counting over a parcel of money. "Not any, thank you," said I, "I want"—— "*Capital hollands, Sir, please try a drop, with a bit o'white sugar.*"—"No thank you, I"——"*The wine is a cordial, Sir.*"—"No my good man, I"—"*I'll give my oath, Sir, it is as strong and hearty as proof spirits, try a taste on't.*"—"I am very much obliged to you, but—" "*Not at all, Sir! don't mention the like, you, or any gem'man is welcome.*"—"I don't want any thing of the kind, I"—"*Maybe you'd like a pot of Cobler's nog, a glass o'compounds, a pint o'purl, a drop o'toddy, or crank, or any thing o'the like, there's every thing you please to call for.*" In turning round my head in that vexed kind of way which is common enough, when a person is so perversely pestered and perplexed, my eye happened to fix upon a letter of an English appearance, that was lying on the table. I looked closer, and read this direction: "*For Mr. Dunkin Patterson, Captin of the brig Nancy of Aberdeen, to be given immediantly.*" "Pray," said I, enlivened by a spark of hope, "is Captain Dunkin Patter-

son here?" "*No; but we expect him every day from Riga, where he went for a cargo of flax.*"—"And do you think he'll stop here?"—"*Yes, Sir, he must come here to take in water.*" This was to me a more reviving cordial than all the compounds or wine of proof spirit, in the shop of the honest Dane, who, before I could ask any questions of interest to myself, put me in possession of what he, no doubt, considered of the first importance, that is, the history of himself from beginning to ending, which I paid so little attention to then, that it cannot be surprising if I have forgot it now; however, I recollect he told me, that he had just set up shop, after a successful voyage to the West Indies, as second mate of a British merchant ship, and that, from the specimen he had received that evening before the convoy sailed, he had every reason to think himself in a prosperous trade.

When I got all the information I required from the Dane, I went in quest of a lodging for the night; for although I was not very nice, I considered the atmosphere of the gin-shop rather dense for the respiration of any

one indifferent about sea-cordials, toddy or crank.

I soon found a lodging, and a bed quite good enough for the little sleep I took during the night, which I passed chiefly in those gloomy meditations, such as people too often give way to in disappointment or difficulty; and which, with propriety, I think may be numbered among the strange contradictions of our stranger nature; for a despondent melancholy has never been known to overcome one single difficulty; but, I venture to say, has often increased many, and created others.

I rose with the sun, and went to the harbour, to see if any vessel had arrived; but finding all there exactly as I left it the night before, I retraced my leaden steps, and ascended every hill or height that commanded a view of the Baltic. At last I discovered a vessel hull down coming from the desired point, and carrying on under a spanking breeze with all reefs out, royals set, and studding-sails below and aloft, which, although it made her bows speak again, and was, in fact, as much as she could stagger under; yet she did not approach half fast enough to satisfy my anxiety. However, I sat me

down upon the ground, determined to make misery itself amiable, by a pious and patient deportment.

Within as short a time as any reasonable person might expect, I saw the vessel shorten sail, the buoy streamed, the anchor cast, the boat hoisted out, and Captain Dunkin Patterson land upon the beach, for this proved to be the identical brig Nancy of Aberdeen, from Riga. Had I known Captain Dunkin Patterson one hundred years or thereabouts, I could not have been more happy at seeing him; but as he stopped merely to fill a few casks of water before he proceeded, I had only time to tell him how I came there, and where I wanted to go. He, like an honest thoroughbred tar as he was, without any palavering, bundled me into his boat, and away we went on board, weighed the anchor, and clapt on all the canvass we could crowd in chace of the convoy, which we came up with before they had well cleared the Categat.

Two or three days after we took our departure from the Danish land, a violent south wester drove us upon the coast of Norway, and obliged the convoy to take shelter as they were best able, in the numerous creeks and

harbours with which Providence seems to have expressly provided that dangerous iron-bound shore.

The appearance of the Norway coast from a ship in a gale of wind, is the most terrific sight I ever beheld; and the nearer one approaches, the nearer one is inclined to suppose they are drawing to inevitable destruction, for nothing is to be seen but immense mountains of rocks, whose barren heads in some places rise in stately height, "to parley with the skies," and in others topped with the mountain fir, awfully overhang the unfathomed deep, whose foaming surges bursting with a tremendous fury, out-roar the boisterous winds, and fall in dreadful cataracts from the massy crags. The person unaccustomed to such a scene of terror, in the very moment which perhaps he thinks his last, for there is no appearance of safety from the destruction with which he is threatened, finds, unexpectedly, all his alarms suddenly dissipate, and the ship, as it were by enchantment, floating in a secure harbour, smooth as the unruffled bason, without a breath of air to swell those sails which but just before were scarce able to resist the outrageous violence of the storm. In all my pere-

grinations I do not recollect to have seen that which struck me with more awful apprehension, more real astonishment, and more pleasurable surprize, than the above-mentioned scene. I confess as we approached that bleak adamantine coast, I prepared, as decently as time and circumstances permitted, to go to glory in the brig Nancy of Aberdeen; for I saw every ship of the convoy that happened to be a-head of us, suddenly disappear, and could not comprehend how, or guess what became of them; neither could I communicate my pusillanimous apprehensions to Captain Dunkin Patterson, for he was growling about the deck like a bear with a sore head, and was far more enraged than the elements, having had the misfortune to split a new storm-stay-sail, to carry away the spritsail-yard, and to spring his jib-boom two feet without the cap of the bowsprit; however, when I least expected it, I found the vessel as I have already described, gliding into a delightful harbour, which from its concealed situation among the rocks, could not be discovered till actually at the entrance.

Some of those harbours have not a house within the distance of miles, the ruggedness

and sterility of the soil refuses every necessary support to settlers, and only affords an asylum to sea-fowl, eagles, and some few beasts of prey; here and there a fisherman's hut may be seen, where a small green spot has chanced to invite him to construct it, but which the severity of the climate renders uninhabitable nearly two-thirds of the year.

One day upon an inland excursion, of which I made several with the sailors of the ship, I happened to meet the Commodore of the convoy, whom curiosity had likewise induced to ramble through the country. Had I met him in a ball room, at the Blue Posts at Portsmouth, or the Naked Boy at Plymouth, I should of course have been considered a rude impertinent gulpin, if I presumed to speak to him without a formal introduction, and perhaps a regular set of bows; but being upon the summit of a barren rock, or in the bosom of a dreary glen in Norway, it no doubt made "all the difference in the world," for in ten minutes we were as free and easy as any ball-room ceremony could make us in ten days, and that too without the least previous introduction or one single bow. *La politesse d'usage n'est qu'un jargon fade, plein d'expressions exagirées, aussi vides de sens que de sentiment.*

We began, according to custom, to talk first, upon the weather as it actually was, then upon a change of wind and a probability of rain, then upon the gale that drove us upon the coast, the whole of which we perfectly agreed in; then delivered our separate opinions upon the rocks, and the wildness of the scenery before us. When these subjects were exhausted, I touched delicately upon my own concerns, but by the time we regained our boats in a creek where we left them, I had got into the very marrow of my history, which interested the Commodore so much, as to make him desirous of hearing more, and to that end invited me to dine on board his ship. I gladly accepted the invitation, for though Captain Dunkin Patterson was an excellent sailor, he was not the least of an epicure, but contented himself with the ship's common sea fare, which, besides it being of an indifferent quality, was always served out with amazing economy by his own hands; it may perhaps be unnecessary to add that my friend and messmate was a thrifty *Scotchman*.

I dined with a healthy appetite on board the Commodore's ship, and after dinner, drank a

double allowance of port, in consequence of an offer being accepted which I made the Commodore, viz. to work my passage to England if he would give me ship-room. The way the matter came to pass was thus; just after the cloth had been removed, (Captains use table cloths in the Royal Navy) the surgeon came into the cabin to report that the first lieutenant was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. The Captain expressed much concern, and said "he did not know how he should manage when the ship went to sea, as he was already very short of officers, having left one upon his beam ends at Leith hospital, much reduced from the over-heating effects of immoderate amour; and another had been lately sent in a prize, so that he himself for some time past had been obliged to keep watch, and take an active part in the duty of the ship, there not being any one on board to whom he could trust so important a charge. "Sir," said I with that tiny insignificant smile which a person puts on when fishing for what he is half ashamed to ask, "you have heard my history, and if you think ha! that I am worthy of ship room, hee! ha! ha! my services, such as they are, Sir, are heartily at

your command; you may perhaps imagine sir, that four years captivity on shore has caused me to forget the profession of the sea, but you may find me at least as capable of working your ship now, as I was that of my own near five years ago, which all the world knows I conducted with such consummate skill and dexterity to the island of Malta."

The Commodore, though he was married, poor man, was a gentleman every inch of him; he accepted my offer with thanks, "and if you think," said he, "that you can make it out in my cabin, as well as in any other part of the ship, you are welcome to it." "Dash my wig! Sir," said I, "If I can express my gratitude for such kindness; pray let me have a boat, and I'll go this moment on board the Nancy for my bag." "Take two," said he, "if you require them." —"No thank'ee, Sir," said I," "the jolly-boat will be quite sufficient for all the property I possess; light travelling was absolutely requisite for the journey I had undertaken."

Away I went, brisk as any Jack on the ocean, and burning with impatience to find fault with the jolly-boat boys as they rowed me along, for no other reason than to shew

my authority and capacity of setting them right, if they should happen to err.—Oh! the pleasure of command!!!

I paid my friend Captain Dunkin Patterson for the time I was on board his ship, in a manner which he considered liberal. Then taking a cordial farewell of him, and the whole crew of the brig Nancy of Aberdeen, I took my kit under my arm, and returned on board the Commodore, whistling and humming the much-admired air

"My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, and
I've seed a little sarvice
Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow."

The next morning the wind being fair, the signal was made to weigh, and in an hour's time the convoy was again at sea under all canvass, with a steady top-gallant breeze, steering for Leith roads.

When it came to my watch, I was up like a sentry box, and relieved the deck before the sound was out of the bell; the first night I turned in all standing, purposely that no time might be lost in rigging.

Had I contented myself with just what I

knew, and no more, affairs might have gone on tolerably well; but I made so much noise, and caused so much confusion in my anxiety to prove, not only that I knew something, but wishing to make it appear that I knew more than any body else, I overdid many things, did those which I ought not to have done, and left undone those which I ought to have done.

In attempting to put the ship about, she missed stays three times. The first time, I insisted upon keeping her so close to the wind, that she lost steerage way. The second time, I hauled the main-sail before the helm was well a-lee, and forgot to rise the tacks. The third time I braced the main-yard up, before the tack was aboard, and hauled off all, before the after sails were near full. The captain then came upon deck to know what the devil was the matter with his ship. I laid the whole blame upon the marines for not running away with the main-brace, and instantly fell foul of them with the speaking trumpet, which I battered into hieroglyphics upon their craniums. In the mean time the head-yards lay a-box, the jib-sheet was flying, the main-brace was overhauled, and the ship was all

in geometry! I had nothing for it, but to kick up a row among the men, in the hope of clearing myself, and with that view, I laid about me head and stern, *pugnis et calcibus*, till afterguard, marines, waisters, forecastle-men, fore and main topmen, boys and idlers, were all through other like frighted bullocks at the fair of Balinasloe. In short, from the moment I took command of the deck, till the moment I was again relieved, all was "Bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam."

I have had occasion to remark in an earlier stage, that a person commonly fails in wishing to do a thing *too* well; and for the same reason, owing to the great pains a dancing master takes to make a bow, he seldom succeeds; the principle methinks, will apply to other people on other matters. Upon the whole, the captain was not dissatisfied, for, he saw there was room for improvement, and by degrees, I suffered patience and method to interfere, and regulate my proceedings.

This cruise enabled me to discover, that whatever a person learns with tolerable attention, nothing, unless that person has a head like a cabbage, can make him totally forget it; yet, how often do we hear both sexes say

" Oh! yes, I knew *so* and so *once*, but I quite forget it *now*!"—Fie, for shame!

Upwards of four checquered years, spent partly in idleness and vice, partly in luxury and ease, partly in poverty and want, but always my own master, very naturally altered my taste for the never-changing blustering drudgery of a sea life, yet contributed little towards effacing the principles of that profession, which I once dedicated myself to, and in which I spent some few years of my earliest life, in a state of unconscious slavery, severe, but not altogether unhappy.

We made the Heelands of Scotia, without any accident on the sixth day, and in the evening came to an anchor in Leith roads, where I took a friendly leave of my hospitable commodore, and disembarked with no small degree of satisfaction, at the thought of having been of some little service to him, notwithstanding all the confusion I had occasioned.

Before the boat's keel touched the ground, I seized the boat-hook, and sprang in ecstacy from the bow, thrice kissed the hallowed soil! and then with out-stretched hands exclaimed in tears of joy, " O Liberty! thou glorious blessing of mortal existence, all

hail to thee! And hail to thee, O my country! that claims her as your happiest appendage; may you ever flourish under her benign auspices, and may the sunshine of prosperity beam with increasing splendour upon Britannia's sons, who, of all the world, can alone boast the divine attributes of true liberty, and whose fame in nobly supporting her sacred cause, extends triumphantly from pole to pole!"

"Come along, my sea-fighting lads," said I, to the boat's crew who had rowed me on shore, "and I'll scour your hawses wi' Highland whiskey before we part." Away I went with every man, from the coxswain to the bowman, close at my heels. The former was a tall red-haired chap from Dumfries, and sung tastily enough in his country dialect, the following stanza:

A wee soup drink does unco weel
To had the heart aboon;
It's gude as lang's a canny chiel
Can stand steeve in his shoon:

But gin a bilky's owr weel saird,
It gars him aften stammer
To pleys that bring him to the guard,
An' eke the council chaumer,
Wi' shame—

We dived into the first gin-shop we fell in with, where my guests, of course, called for the strongest stuff they could get, the score of which I paid for; then running a stick through the ends of the pocket handkerchief which contained my baggage, I hoisted it over my shoulder, pitched my hat sailor fashion on one side of my knob, and then bore up for Edinburgh, chaunting in true *allegro* movement,

"With a will ho! then pull away jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
When in for it, damn me what folly boys,
To be down hearted yo ho!"

ARGUMENT.

Pill intends to doze.—Sixteen lustres.—Ensign Larry. *Silla poltrona.*—Nature's true looking-glasses.—Boots.—A copious drench of strong port wine.—Knights of Ennui.—Holy Land.—Whiskey.—Emperor of China and Turf-cutter.—A halfpenny.—Pill talks amazingly fine.—Unexpectedly enlisted as a soldier.—Johnny Grot's house.—A curious Spanish remark. A character.—O! O! O!—Buttons.—A Tailor in red slippers. — Cabbaging. — Excessive politeness from the Tailor.—Excessive insolence from ditto.—Pill seized by Bum-bailiffs.—A curious bill.—The Devil and Salisbury Plain.—Pill embarks—Molly.—Lisbon dogs.—An execution.—20,500 oranges.—Pill's stud.—A *Jeu de mot.*—Various paragraphs to fill up the book.

CHAPTER IV.

Swell, swell my joys, and if ye can express
The purer feelings of true happiness,
For such was mine, when on fair Albion's shore,
The pleasure sweeter from my toils before,
I sprang delighted, and with heart sincere
That Being thank'd, whose will conducts us here.
So joys the Pilot that hath 'scap'd a grave,
In the swell'd bosom of an angry wave,
And after all his shipwreck toils at last,
Doth safe in Port his joyful anchor cast.

I STOPPED at a famed hotel in the new town, where the Barber, the Tailor, the Shoemaker, the Hatter, the Haberdasher, and others, in the course of a few hours, enabled me to sally forth in a dazzling glaze, something like a stately swan, moving with a portly grace over streams of bliss! for I was beyond all doubt, the happiest creature within the compass of the light! "Oh! Envy," cried I, as I paced the streets, "thou snaky inhabitant of Hell! who feasts in other's mise-

ries! put out thine eyes, lest thou shouldst see the oceans of delight that flow within this tenement of animated clay!"—clay!—what am I talking of? there was nothing of clay in my composition! I was all joy!—pure joy! —and as I moved along, seemed to disdain the ground beneath me, treading on it, not for necessity, but in lordly contempt!

Thus, free as the mountain wind, my soul enjoying an unrestrained happiness, with all the indulgence of fair liberty, I passed the few days I remained in Edinburgh; and after seeing what was to be seen, I took my seat in one of the public coaches, and set out for London; but before I got half way there, I forfeited that seat by the following accident:

"I say coachman! what town is this?" cried a gentleman passenger in a chesnut wig, as we drove to the door of an inn at one of the towns on our journey. "Thirsk, Sir!" answered the coachman, at the same time opening the coach door to say, "Ge'lmen we stop in this here town *haulf* an hour, if so be any on ye please to take som'w'at." All the passengers immediately moved out except myself, who being more inclined to

doze than to take som'w'at, I placed my body in one corner of the coach, and my feet in another, then pulled down the flaps of my travelling cap, yawned, and crossing my arms, intended to pass half an hour swallowing sleep with open mouth; but the moment the word "Thirsk" escaped the coachman's lips, it flew into my ear, and buzzed through my brains in so tormenting a manner, as to dispel the soporiferous charm. I could not divine the cause. I imagined I must have read or heard of some extraordinary event concerning the place; and began to consider of every page and picture I had read or seen, that was likely to assist my memory upon the subject; but all to no purpose, except to my greater confusion.

Finding it impossible to reconcile myself to sleep, I let myself out of the coach, and, after stretching every joint and limb, I walked into the inn, still tormented with "Thirsk! Thirsk! Thirsk!" Whilst I was asking a few indifferent questions of the waiter at the door, two military officers entered the house, and enquired if dinner was ready; when they passed on, I asked (with that curiosity which is natural, or at least *common* to all) who they

were, and what regiment they belonged to. I was told so, and so, and so, and that their regiment was the 15th foot. "The 15th!" said I to myself, fifteen times more perplexed than before, but did not long remain so; for 15 resolved the whole puzzle, which was this:

About two years ago, that is, from the time I was conversing with the waiter at the inn door, I received a letter from a great-grandmother, informing me, that brother Larry had just entered the army, that he looked very pretty in regimentals, and was going off in a few days to join the 15th regiment at Thirsk, in Yorkshire. In this letter "15th" was so indistinctly written, that it cost me pains to make it out.

Now, that a pen should tremble in the hand over which nearly sixteen lustres have passed, cannot, methinks, be a matter of surprise to any one; but, whether it is or not, I can only say, that it was the cause of my recollecting how I first came to hear of Thirsk.

The waiter was perfectly capable of answering all my questions respecting the officers of the regiment, for they held their mess in the same inn where we stopped. I, therefore,

asked if among them there was one ensign Larry from Ireland, and being answered in the affirmative, I immediately ordered my pocket-handkerchief out of the coach, which drove off at the same moment that I went with the waiter to ensign Larry's lodging. I there found the door open, walked up stairs, and entered a room sufficiently decent, with nothing gaudy in it except a young man who was leaning in an elbow chair, or as the Spaniards not improperly term it, "*silla poltrona*," "a lazy chair." Over one of the arms, a leg and thigh dangled easily to and fro in tolerable time to the tune of God save the King, which the owner of the leg and thigh was blowing with all his might in the key of three sharps upon a four and sixpenny flute. His pig tail queu, then the fashion of the day, hung perpendicularly down the back of the chair, and his cocked hat was so ingeniously pitched upon one side of his head, that I could easily discover the touches of a first-rate artist, for much taste and skill, as well as much powder and pomatum, had been lavished in the dressing of his hair. The remainder of his person I could distinguish but little of, for one end was smothered in

scarlet and buff, the other buried up to the thighs in stout black leather, which bore a beautiful polish. Upon the whole I thought the fellow looked well enough, and cut a very knowing figure; indeed, had I been of an envious disposition, I might upon comparing our persons, have probably found sufficient cause for disturbing my bile, but as it is the Lord who makes us, and not we ourselves, I deemed it improper to give the matter any consideration.

The young gentleman had just risen, made a becoming bow, and commenced the customary compliments used in accosting an unexpected visitor, when I was upon the point of turning round to call out stop coach! so certain was I that this spruce stripling could not be my little raw brother Larry, whom I left with flowing sandy locks in a suit of brown thickset some few years before. But Time's feathered pinion sweeps the hours away, and with them, childhood, youth, and age! Those several stages are so rapidly passed, that short must be the absence, if at our return we do not find those we left behind, already past the boundaries of one, hastening toward the declivity of the other!

An unconscious smile from each, first caught the fixed attention of our eyes, when those strong interpreters of the mind, Nature's true looking-glasses! in an instant represented a *something* to our imaginations not totally unknown to us; this diffused a glow upon each other's countenance, which quickly communicating to our hearts, mutually prompted us to advance, though not with a step of confidence, still with our hands extended and that indescribable picture of surprize, distrust, joy, certainty and doubt, strongly depicted in our looks. "Are you Larry?" said I in a tone of some anxiety. "I am, who are you?" said he with a smile of evident impatience.—"I am Pill," said I.—"Pill!!!" said he.—"I am indeed," said I, "and happy! happy! beyond expression, at seeing my Larry!" "My *dear* Pill!"—"My DEAR Larry!"—said each of us, as we cordially embraced and recognized the close endearing ties of brotherhood.

In rencounters of this nature, I think I have observed after the first emotions have subsided, that sundry questions as rapidly as they can be uttered, without either of the parties having patience to wait for an answer, (because both, or all, speak together,) a few

shakes of the hand, or an occasional embrace, warmly repeated, generally pass away the first half hour. It happened so in this instance between Larry and Pill; at the expiration of which time dinner was announced, when both went to the mess, where I was introduced, and received a jolly welcome from the members. I had not been long in the company before I found that Larry received the nickname of Boots, from all his brother officers. I, in my innocence, imagined it was on account of the monstrous ones he wore, but seeing every other officer leathered up to the thighs in as high a polish as himself, I was induced to ask what right Larry had to the title more than any other. My curiosity was immediately satisfied by being told that the Subs always took it by turns to draw corks, decant wine, ring the bell, or stir the fire, and that he who acted this part was for the time being called Boots.

It is needless to say how much, and with what pleasure, Larry and I talked over old times, young times, I should rather say, although not customary; or how often to the annoyance of the mess we stopped the revolution of the bottle in the midst of our inter-

esting tales. I must, however, remark, that my treatment was extremely hospitable, for besides a liberal entertainment at table, I found myself next morning in a very comfortable bed, though nothing refreshed by the sound swoon in which I passed the night; for I felt an intolerable aching in my head, and so insatiable a thirst that I thought every vital humour was dried up within me, having scarce moisture enough left to use my tongue in calling for means to assuage its burning drought. Larry, I imagine, was also a little indisposed, for the first account I heard of him was, that he had sent to the commanding officer to beg he might be excused from the morning parade.

I spent two or three days pleasantly enough in this sort of way at Thirsk, then ascended the coach and proceeded to London, where, at that season of the year the wheel of fashion had ceased its rotation, and places of public amusement and resort, exhibited only scenes of desert emptiness; saving and excepting the shady side of Bond-street, where the Knights of *Ennui still lounging, lagged lazily their lingering hours away!*—But these form a section of the community so very inconsiderable that nobody knows or cares to know them.

I soon fled the capital, and never stopped till I found myself snug amongst the boys of the holy land, who are not less distinguished for the noble generosity of their hospitality, than for the genuine spirit of their whiskey.

Although I left the Irish metropolis at a very early age, I could not feel insensible to the great change that had taken place in my absence. When I left Dublin, it was called 'The fair city!' and was then at the summit of her fame; but on my return, I thought she had forfeited that title in every particular, and in one instance, I received a tolerable broad hint of it, on alighting from the coach.

Welcome clean flags. And on the step I stood,
But landed, hapless! ancle deep in mud.

A solitary gloom seemed to pervade every quarter, "O, what a revolution!"

It is confessed, even by those who have deserted her, that there was a time when this once fair city, was not exceeded by any other in Europe, either for refinement of society, splendour of fashion, or variety of amusement. I might, perhaps, add the prosperity of commerce, and the encouragement of arts, with

many other perfections, that render a city flourishing, and a nation happy. Now sad reverse!

" The land's proud nobles, nay, the acred squire
Disdaining home, to foreign fields retire,
Their nests are seized by stares of little note,
Attorneys, grocers, quacks, or *Monsieur L'Hote*,
And now and then on some election job,
Or bent, our harvest from our soil to rob,
My Lord, *en passant*, seeks his quondam door,
And hires the sumptuous bed he own'd before.
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

" With bursting anguish yon proud fane I eyed,
Where Erin's independence grew and died ;
Yet there let wealth accumulate her store,
For there the dross reign'd paramount before.
Proud colonade ! and scarce in Europe match'd,
How are thy ruins to be maim'd and patch'd !"

It must not be supposed, from what I have said, that I am one of those discontented *hypochondriac* patriots, who imagine that my country has been enslaved, disgraced, and ruined, by the union with her neighbouring isle ; far from it ; I only mean to say, that Dublin as it *is*, and Dublin as it *was*, are as unlike as two different cities can possibly be,

which is as easy to discern, as that Ferdinand King of Spain, is not Solomon son of David.

To dwell upon the perfections or imperfections of his native land, I do not consider altogether becoming an historian, because, upon that subject, his pen, if he be an honest patriot, must be guided by partiality; a partiality which, beyond all doubt, is infused into every man at his nativity. Examples are not wanting, to prove that love of country is a feeling as predominant in the bosom of the African slave, as in that of the free-born Briton. In my opinion, the Emperor of China is not more attached to his native dominions, than the turf-cutter to his native spot, in the bog of Allan; and if they were to exchange the one for the other, by mutual consent, I am convinced there would still remain a *hankering* after the place of their respective births.

The following circumstance, which is founded on fact, I am of opinion will tend to corroborate my argument rather than otherwise; it has this moment presented itself to my memory, without the slightest invitation or encouragement from me.

Murphy Luogue was born in the centre of

a fine bog, on the borders of Connaught (which is in Ireland ;) he was taken early into my family to tend the cow, but being a clean-skinned lad, he was soon promoted to the stable, thence to the pantry, from which office I took him as groom, own man, and *valet de sham*. We travelled a vast deal together, through Connaught, and subsequently through England, Scotland, France, and Spain ; where, it is reasonable to suppose, we had opportunities of seeing many sights more or less grand, and sometimes more or less interesting, than in our own country. But I never heard a remark from him respecting those countries, except one day, when, on a journey from Burgos to Madrid, riding through a small village, surrounded by an extensive marsh ; flocks of little children, attracted by the barking of their curs, ran paddling out of their miserable hovels, some in rags, others in a pure state of nature, and all scratching their heads, which were bushy red or white. I threw them two quartos (a halfpenny) I observed Murphy throw them four, and afterwards, with a glow upon his countenance, which no one could mistake—it was a glow diffused by honest charity, and reflected from

the heart — he searched his pockets with anxiety, for a fifth, though, I believe, without effect; but if ever there was a case in which the *will* deserved to be taken for the *deed*, it was in this instance.

Each cabin had about a rood of ground behind it, planted with potatoes or cabbages; and just without the village, were several stagnated pools filled with flax, at that period in its highest state of putrescent perfection. When we got into the midst of its odour, Murphy could contain himself no longer. He trotted up beside me, "Well, to be sure, Master dear, this is like our own sweet country, sure enough!"—"Indeed, then it is, Murphy!" said I.—"Och! then it's it that is; I'll engage there's as elegant turf in yon bog, as ever was cut with fut." (*fut* stands for *foot*, but, *in lingua Hiberniæ*, is pronounced like *cut*.)

"By the piper that played before Moses," continued he, "I never saw, take it all in all, any thing so like the real sod as this is." He here stopt his horse to gaze upon the scene that recalled to his memory his native land, and awakened those feelings in his breast, which no other had been capable of exciting.

Do not suppose, ye gentlemen of England, that Murphy Luogue was like one of your West-country clod hoppers, with a mere bulbous excrescence growing out from between his shoulders, used principally for bolting bacon; or as Stephens says, "just to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow of a wig, or to dress hair upon." No, no, Murphy Luogue was, like the generality of his race, a brave, smart, active, intelligent, Irish bog-trotter, capable of observing, hearing, and judging, with that perspicuity, shrewdness, and ingenuity, so proverbial of his countrymen. When I say that this was the only scene which attracted his notice through our travels, I do not mean that all others were indifferent to him. He was astonished at some, amused at others, but neither astonishment nor amusement proceed from the heart; they are mere momentary sensations, which pass away with the object that occasioned them, and have no connection with those innate feelings, which I have said are common to every man,—take root in his heart, and from thence can never be extracted.

I protest, I felt a *something* similar to that which Murphy Luogue felt, even before he

opened his lips upon the subject; and when I saw the children flocking out of the cabins, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "*O Rus quando ego te aspiciam!*" that is, *O*, Oh! *Rus*, my country, *quando*, when, *ego aspiciam*, shall I behold, *te*, thee.

Upon re-perusing the above subject, I find I have given but a very faint sketch of what I felt, and of what I wished to say;—a proof how difficult it is to express the true feelings of the mind;—and upon re-perusing it a second time, with an intent of making it prettier, a something or other whispered in my ear, in rather a scoffing manner, the following lines, which determined me to hurry off from premises, where I was evidently trespassing.

"Some to the heights of affectation soar,
Such Coxcombs set their Readers in a roar;
Avoid it, Pill.---For G---d's sake don't attempt
To *write* too fine---you'll surely raise contempt;
Nor *yet* too quaint."

But enough of a digression which I introduced merely by way of a support to that partiality for his native country, which I allege is common to all; and this partiality, I was

going to say, till I interrupted myself, prevented me now from saying any thing further about mine, except that I found it, in one respect, as I had left it,—a land flowing with turf and buttermilk, in the midst of which, I had the happiness of finding my family all alive and kicking, fat and hearty. Is it not the pretty rural little Florian, who says, or something like it, that—" 'Tis necessary to shed the bitter tear of absence, to enjoy the delights of the sweet tear of return." Be it who it may, I am sure he speaks the truth.

I had enjoyed the recreations of a rustic life, and tasted the social comforts of a family fire-side but a few months, when Fortune directed my steps to that quarter, where fair Liberty, nearly at her last gasp, raised her drooping head, and, by a spontaneous effort, planted that standard, which has been since borne through seas of blood, from one extremity of Europe to the other; but ultimately waves, with a dreadful retribution, and a glorious triumph, over the fallen crests of her vile oppressors. In Spain, to her proudest honour be it ever spoken, did that heroic flame first burst forth, which inspired the whole of continental Europe, and relieved the

universe from a scourge, which humanity was no longer able to support. But, on the other hand, to the utter shame and dishonour of the name of Spaniard, it must for ever be recorded, that they who were the first champions in the great and glorious cause of freedom, were, Oh! shame indelible! the first to sink, without a struggle, into the most abject state of oppressive slavery.

To think that twelve millions of people, without any previous plan or arrangement, without a head to direct them, or resources to support them, should rise spontaneously in the cause of liberty, cheerfully sacrifice every earthly possession at her shrine, and undergo, with an unexampled patience, for six successive years, all the privations and hardships, that human nature is capable of enduring,—must fill every honest bosom with admiration, and every feeling heart with sympathy. But to behold these same people, after having accomplished the chief object of their enterprize,—the expulsion of their treacherous invaders; after having abolished the seat of bigotry and corruption, whence all their greatest evils emanated; after having apparently opened the way to their political

happiness and future freedom, and just about to enjoy the creditable profits of a most severe labour, in one moment abandon the cause; and with all the signs and symbols of liberty and independence, every where vauntingly displayed, sink again into an abyss of humiliating bondage, rendered, from recent sufferings, ten times more afflicting than before! To behold such a spectacle of human contradiction and insignificance, must excite in the bosoms of all, the same sentiments of scorn, pity, and disgust.

At the breaking out of the Spanish Revolution, I happened to be in London, employed kicking my heels along the flags, nodding to coronets, smiling at the nymphs of joy, and all such sort of fashionable modes of shortening a short day, when a parliamentary friend took compassion upon me, and procured me a Lieutenancy of Cavalry in a Spanish Legion, which a Caledonian gentleman (an intimate friend of my friend) had just, at that period, taken into his head to raise in defence of the common cause, and was then in town beating up for officers.

Although this was a post of honour which I never aspired to, never dreamed of soli-

citing, consequently never expected to have been called to, I thought that to shrink from it, at a time when the whole British nation were rallying round the standard of Bellona, might not only leave room to suspect that Pill Garlick was neither soldier nor sailor, but would be slighting the bountiful intention of my Parliamentary friend, who really wished to serve me, and that too, strange as it may appear, without my having the smallest claim to his favour or protection. It would also leave room to suspect that I was actually one of those *Nonpareils*, who prefer lounging away life in miserable *ennui*, to the employment of it in a situation of activity, which if not always more useful to themselves and society, is at least certain, barring their own errors, of being more creditable.

A fit opportunity was of course chosen for introducing me, as a newly-enlisted recruit, to the Caledonian gentleman, then Colonel-Commandant of the aforesaid Spanish Legion, and well qualified for a post where fighting was the object; for he was to the full as *brave* as he was *tall*, which, I confess, is carrying the panegyric to a great height; but he de-

serves it every inch,—an undeniable proof of which, is honourably stamped upon his face.

The Colonel's travels and intercourse with foreigners, at different periods of his life, had not, in the least degree, corrupted his native dialect, or effeminated that strong sonorous emphasis, which we sometimes hear in the environs of Johnny Grot's house; a circumstance which, together with a carefully-studied action, both of arms, legs, and shoulders, materially assisted his Spanish pronunciation, and adorned his delivery of that language; for not only to those Englishmen who knew as little of it as he did himself, but to the Castilians themselves, has he frequently made it appear, that he understood that noble tongue, if not quite so well as their own Cervantes, at least much better than any foreigner within the Spanish dominions.

I have more than once had the pleasure of seeing the Colonel in society, in the first society too, at Madrid, surrounded by ladies of every fashion, gentlemen, priests, friars, generals, and academicians, all listening with attention, and looking with delight, at his holding forth; and when loss of breath occasioned loss of subject, consequently a full

stop; I have seen the company all look at each other with a significant nod and a grave hem! Nods and hems are extremely significant abroad; but it is necessary to see and hear them before my readers can form a correct notion of them from slight description. In the present instance, they signified a polite acquiescence, or a satisfaction at the scene that was acting, and may be interpreted thus:---'Aw! very good;'---'that's quite to the purpose;'---'that's as it should be.'---And yet, curious to say, but true as it is curious, one of the company would ask another, two minutes afterwards, in a whisper, 'What was he saying?'---'*No sé*, I don't know,' was always the answer.---'*Ni yo tampoco*, nor I neither,' said another.---'*No comprehende*,' said a third. ---'*Ni yo tampoco*,' again said a fourth.

Now, had it not been for the emphatic tone of his native dialect, aided by forcible gesticulations, the Colonel, in all probability, would never have attracted such close attention, or have been listened to by any body.

A very pleasant remark, which corroborates the foregoing, was made to me one evening at a party, by the Marquesa de Al——as.

The Colonel had been entertaining the com-

pany for some time with a very circumstantial account of one of his heroic enterprises near Badajos, when the Marquesa, after attentively listening, turned round, and said to me, '*Que bien habla el Coronel español, sin entender una palabra de la lingua!*' I must melt this into a more current coin, *viz.* 'How well the Colonel speaks Spanish without understanding one word of the language.'

The remark, though something like a paradox, was, nevertheless, ingeniously applicable. But hark ye! I venture to assert, that if he had understood it, and spoke it in all its purity, he could not have ingratiated himself more with the Spanish ladies, nor have led his brave, but ragamuffin troops with nobler spirit into action, than he has been well known to do upon every occasion.

A good dark countenance; famous mustacheos; a very tolerable, nay, a manly figure; costly dress; great levity of disposition; much innate good humour; fits of generosity; careless extravagance; gallant attention; an inexhaustible fund of nonsensical talk, and fond of flattering as of being flattered, made him deservedly a very great favourite with the Spanish ladies, married or unmarried,—all, from

a Duchess to the wife of a sub-lieutenant, including three sisters of a priest, fully appreciated his parts, and enjoyed his visits with rapture and delight.

On the other hand, a certain degree of perseverance and activity, (which, by the bye, might have led to very beneficial consequences, if those qualities had been aided in the least degree by judgment or prudence.) A condescension and amenity of manner, very flattering to the soldiery and peasantry of Spain, which procured him a double popularity, because that line of conduct was quite opposite to what the Spaniards were accustomed to experience from British officers in general. A cheerful resignation under the severest wants and privations, which he endured at times with the meanest soldier. A total disregard of his own life, at the same time that he did not *wantonly* expose those of his men. A most intrepid bravery, (bordering, perhaps, too much upon temerity,) which no obstacle could intimidate, caused him to advance with credit in his military career, and led him to perform the highest deeds of valour; and I am happy to add, they have not passed unrewarded by the generous govern-

ment of his own country, nor even by that despicable one, in whose cause he embarked his whole fortune, and served with an indefatigable zeal, from that inauspicious period, when the enemy were in almost entire possession of the peninsula, their eagles flying triumphantly upon the banks of the Guadiana, to that of their ultimate extermination beyond the Pyrenees, and the melancholy return of Ferdinand 'the beloved' to his throne.

Some of you, my dear readers, may enquire, how, in the name of all the Prophets! did I happen to find out so much of the Colonel's character the first day I was introduced to him? and how I could have seen him in society at Madrid before I have marched out of London, and before my readers are apprized that I ever set foot on Spanish ground? Others may think it rather an unusual mode of writing a history, to begin a war on the banks of the Guadiana, actually exterminate the enemy beyond the Pyrenees, and then return again to relate various events in that same war, which, from its hasty termination, it was reasonable to suppose no more would have been said.

It is not my business to interfere with your thoughts; and if it was, all my interference

would not alter any opinion you may have formed upon my mode of making a book. But my reason for doing so, is merely to raise your expectations, and to induce you all to peruse a future volume, for which I reserve my Spanish adventures and remarks.

It can be no great surprize if, after what I have said of the Colonel, I should now add, that my very first visit prepossessed me in his favour, and encouraged me to consider my Spanish military rank (which gave me the title of Don) in a more respectful point of view than at first, from being taken unawares, I was disposed to do. I also thought it a tolerable fair opportunity of seeing a country which, in all probability, I never should have visited had I not enlisted.

The space of one calendar month, near as I can recollect, was sufficient to equip me in a superior style, as I thought, for opening my first campaign in the peninsula; but happening one morning to stroll into the Colonel's lodging, to hear any thing that was to be heard, and opening the door of his room, in the middle of which he was standing, I saw a sight,—such a sight!—as rivetted me to the spot, impeded the utterance of customary salutation, and forced from my very innermost

recess, that *ne plus ultra* exclamation of amazement,---O !---O !---O !

He was dressed for a levee at Carlton-house ! ! !

"O, Colonel ! Colonel, O !" said I, when I recovered a little, "What dress do you call that ?"—"Do you like it ?" said the Colonel, holding himself erect, putting his arms a-kimbo, and pointing the toe of his right foot about seven inches from the other. It was evident, from the smile of satisfaction which sat upon his countenance, that *he*, at least, was pleased, and more than pleased, with the *tout-ensemble* of the piece; I, therefore, made no other reply than Beautiful ! Beautiful ! Beautiful !

I approached to examine the buttons, which appeared very tasty; I saw in their centre the figure of Liberty, seated upon a rock, under which was the word ESPAÑA. At the feet of the Goddess was the sun, supposed to be just appearing above the horizon; (a sun of glory, which, strange to say, never reached its meridian; but, by an extraordinary retrograde motion, set again, and still remains enveloped in clouds of darkness and disgrace.) These symbols were encompassed by a garter, with

the *then* apt motto, 'IN FERRUM PRO LIBERTATE RUIMUS.' The whole was surmounted by a regal crown, on one side of which were the letters G. III. on the other, F. VII. in allusion to the alliance of those two Sovereigns.

"Oh, ho! Colonel," said I, "this is a Spanish uniform, I presume?"

"Indeed, it is;" said he, "and the full-dress of our hussars, too."

"No!"---said I, in a drawl of astonishment.

"Yes, but it is;" said he.

"Of our hussars!---of our hussars!!!---bless us!" continued I, "then I am a hussar! and of course must get my full-dress."

"Why," said the Colonel, "'tis not absolutely necessary that you should; though, I confess, I like a little full-dress in *moderation*; yet a plainer one than this will be better adapted to the service we are going upon, and will, probably, better suit the circumstances of a Sub."

"Now, Colonel, don't ye go and set your face against my getting a dress like your's; all Dons, you know, ought to be stylishly dressed."

"What, then, you like it?" said the Co-

lonel, turning upon his heel to give me a view of his rear.

" Like it!---who cannot but like it, I'd be glad to know?"

" Come, come, now, 'pon your soul do you really think it pretty, eh?" said the Colonel, taking two or three steps in ordinary time across the room.

" 'Pon my soul I do. Who built it, Colonel?"

" Eh!" said the Colonel, twisting himself at the looking-glass to view himself behind.

" Who built it, Colonel?" said I again.

" What, then, you do like it, do you?" said the Colonel,

" B---st me," said I, " if it's not the finest turn out I ever beheld!"

" Yes;" said the Colonel, emphatically; " I flatter myself I have some little taste, Eh!"

" 'Pon my word, Sir, I"——

" Just look at that embroidery."

" Oh, I never"———

" Aye, aye; but I'll trouble you to examine it."

" Nothing can"———

"And the cut of this pelisse-mantle, Eh! That's very ugly, Eh!"

"Without exception, Colonel,"———

"That's a good fit about the knee; what do you think of that leg, Eh?"

"Why, I think it a leg and a half. But who built the dress, Colonel?

"This is an ugly hussar cap, too; aint it?" said the Colonel, with an ironical smile, holding himself in a truly military attitude, and measuring at least eight feet six inches from the scarlet heel of his yellow boot to the white top of the green feather that waved over the gold embroidered yellow purse which dangled from the crown of this splendid fawn-coloured seal-skin hussar cap; and when he took it from his laboriously-dressed head, which he did with a most AWFUL grace, I found myself involuntarily stepping backwards from his reach; for the shape and size of the cap, together with the attitude and manner of the man, led me to imagine that I was going to be extinguished, like an inch of mutton candle in the presence of a flaming taper. My apprehensions, however, were unfounded, for I was suffered to remain unmolested, and enjoy the pleasure of looking at

the Colonel looking at himself in the looking-glass till the moment of his exit for the levee, when he told me, that this sumptuous concern was built by Shütten Breüchens,* a German tailor, in that street near the grand lounge.

I was there, like seven bells half struck, and enquired, in rather a commanding tone, for the master. No foreman, journeyman, clerk, or apprentice would answer my business, the master was the man I insisted upon seeing without delay. After sending in my name, in *compliance* to his message, he appeared, tripping along with all the grace, ease, and dignity of a tailor in the middle of a lucrative business, surrounded by his obsequious needle-stitching vassals.

Scarlet slippers, and a loose *negligé*, or morning-gown, gave infinite air to the tailor's demeanour, and seemed to correspond with his self-sufficient countenance, naturally vacant, but disguised under those insinuating smiles of hypocrisy, so repugnant to a Briton, so habitual to a foreigner, and assumed on all occasions by the latter, whether his intentions

* Perhaps all my readers do not know that a "u twice dotted stands for i."

are casually honest, or determinedly the reverse,---whether his object be really to aid and assist, or treacherously to flatter and betray.

I soon made known the cause of my visit, which, of course, increased the wheedling simpers of the tailor, and extracted from him every obeisance that knee-crooking humility could suggest; but all this garbage was not without its effect, for every time he applied his measure in taking dimensions of my person, the compliments which followed, together with the eye-dazzling figure I had just seen, and hoped soon to resemble, easily led me to accede to every *additional* amendment proposed by Snip. I felt, at the same time, so extraordinary an itch to be six feet high, that when the tailor said, "*You please, Sir. to have de goodness to hold yourself quite straight to I take de full length;*" I could not for the life of me refrain from elevating my body on tip-toe, or from extending my jugular sinews to their very utmost stretch; but with all my ingenuity I could not make the measurement exceed five feet three from one extremity to the other; however, that's neither here nor there.---I ordered the full-dress hussar uniform, and obtained a promise that

it should be sent home on Saturday evening, which promise was guaranteed by the 'word and honour' of the tailor.

Perfectly satisfied, away I went *accablé de revérences*, i. e. overwhelmed with bows and scrapes, which were kept up with indefatigable assiduity, not only till I had evacuated the shop, but till I had actually disappeared round the corner of the street. I lounged there scarce five minutes before a thought struck me so forcibly as to make me whisk round upon my heel and hasten back to the tailor's house,—A thought which I confess never struck me before—The payment of the full-dress hussar uniform!

I am aware that a person who makes his pecuniary concerns the topic of conversation, is justly considered an ill-bred vulgar elf, and only excites contempt instead of admiration, which he has the foolish vanity to imagine he receives. I also feel convinced that my readers are too polite and too delicate to wish to examine closely into any gentleman's little private matters, but having touched upon the subject, I must now, in my own excuse, state that the cause of having thought about the payment of my clothes was to avoid as much as

possible the effects of *cabbaging*, a practice *supposed* common to all cross-legg'd sons of the needle, but carried to perfection by foreigners.

Although I was wholly occupied about myself when in the presence of the tailor, still it was impossible not to notice the various bunches of measures which were suspended in festoons round his shop; all tastily docketted with the names, titles, and ranks of the several personages of whose important bodies these shreds of parchment were the correct geometrical dimensions.

The centre docket, in larger characters than the rest, bore the name of H. R. H. the Prince of—Next to it, H.R.H. the Duke of—Next to that the Most Noble the Marquis of—Then came the Right Honourable and Honourable Lord—Next to his Lordship, came His Grace the Duke of—Then his Excellency Lieutenant General—followed by all his staff, and every other name capable of throwing a lustre upon the tailor's clothes, or of adding consequence to his employment.

'I have just returned, Sir,' said I, when I re-entered the shop, 'to request that your bill may accompany the dress, and that your charges may be regulated according to ready

money payment, as I do not wish to be entered in your books, having heard that your practice is to make the few who *do* pay, suffer for the many who *do not*, but I am determined not to disburse one farthing for those great folk whose names are so conspicuously exhibited round your house.' "*Ah Laurd Sir, hee, hee, ha, do not mention one vord about de money, your convenience Sir is maine; I never like to ax de gentlemens for money, Sir, O never, never, 'pon my honour, Sir, never I do such a ting.*"

I retreated once more, under showers of capering civility and politeness, and returned home singing 'hi for Saturday in the afternoon!' though in fact I might have reserved my hilarity for two or three Saturdays to come, for I found the tailor thought as little of breaking his 'word and honour,' as he did of breaking a needle; indeed, any regret that might arise was always on the side of the latter, because his needles cost three a penny.

However, on Christmas-eve, about 8 o'clock, the tailor arrived at my lodging, accompanied by his servant who bore the long-expected bundle of taste and elegance. If possible, I would have sprung that instant into the whole

dress at one leap, but the united efforts of the tailor, his man, and my own violent bodily exertions, were actively employed for upwards of fifteen minutes by a repeating watch, before even the pantaloons were properly adjusted to their model.

The other articles followed like A, B, C, all of which the tailor repeatedly assured me 'on his word of honour,' (and even appealed to his man) were the finest materials and the best fit he ever had the honour of making.—In my soul I believed him to the very letter of his assertion; for I fancied myself a blazing star of the first magnitude, in the firmament of all-seducing fashion! and every step I took across the room I considered a *stride* towards the inevitable conquest of the first Doña or Duquesa whose heart I should happen to lay siege to. After saluting myself eight or ten times in the glass, I went to my portmanteau for that which was necessary to produce before I could obtain a receipt from my tailor.

'Now for it, Sir, let's have your bill.'—"*Moy bill, Sir, Oh never mind dat, Sir, here it is, Sir, you are moighty good Sir indeed.*"

When I opened his bill I first cast my eye,

as is natural enough, upon the sum total,—92*l.* and upwards! Hem! said I, and sat down to deduct the discount for ready money.

'*O my dear Sir,*' said the tailor, '*dat is all de ready money price in de bill.*' Impossible,' said I—'This jacket thirty guineas?' !!! '*pon my vord and honour, Sir it is vell vorth* FORTY, '*tis all de very lowest price, and I swear I dont get five shillings by de job.*'--Well, then, since that is the case, here are two or three articles which I never ordered, and I will not keep them, for they are too dear, Mr. tailor'—'*Dat can't be, Sir, I never takes back any ting dat leave my shop.*'

'Why you don't imagine you are going to humbug a lieutenant of hussars—a Spanish Don!' "*I never humbug nobody out of nauting, Sir, I am an honest gentlemen, Sir, as all de Royal Prince can tell you.*"

The tailor was determined to adhere to his demand, and I was determined to resist it; therefore, when matters arrive at this state, it is very well known that all good humour and politeness is at an end. The debate continued for some time warm and hasty, without either party flinching to the other, till I happened to observe the tailor *eye* me from head to foot,

in so scornful a manner, that I could contain myself no longer. I bid him instantly "be missing" and urged my command in so resolute a tone, that he prudently thought proper to obey, leaving me to my own admiration as well as to my own ingenuity, to get out of his pantaloons the best way I could.

The day following being Christmas day, my mind was occupied with matters of a very different nature from full-dress hussar uniforms, and was, therefore, rather surprised when I returned from Mass, to find the master tailor waiting in my room reading, "*Instructions for a young officer of cavalry,*" which he happened to find upon my table. I must, however, confess that I was rather pleased than otherwise, because I wished to pay and have done with him, and from the manner in which he accosted me, and the renewal of his *politesse*, I hoped he meant to accede to my terms. But in this I was mistaken, for in five minutes the scene of the night before was repeated, and he again turned out of my room, with the addition of being hurried *brusquement* down the stair-case.

The next morning, a fine frosty morning, he called on me, before I was out of bed, and

knocked gently at my door, then put his head in, and, as if fearful of disturbing me, in a low and civil tone, wished me a good morning. I withdrew the curtains, and returned the compliment. "*You please for to pay my little bill, Sir, dis maurning ?*"

"Certainly, Mr. tailor," said I. "*Tankee, Sir, dat's all I vant.*" I instantly got up, and prepared to pay the bill, according to my first resolution, but had not counted five pounds, before the tailor interrupted me, saying, "*O, my goot gentlemans, dat no goot, 'pon my honour' I cannot take von fardin less dan de bill,—goot maurning, Sir.*"—"Good morning, Sir," said I, and away he went.

He had scarce time to go down stairs, when I had the pleasure of seeing him again return, and ask me with a smile, "*Vell, Sir, you vill not pay my little bill?*"

"No," said I.—He instantly whack ! drove the door open, and ushered in two tall plain-looking men, saying, in the most gracious manner possible, pointing at me, "*Gentlemens dat your man—I vish you all von very goot maurning !*"—made a bow and vanished.

I soon discovered my visitors to be of that meddling tribe, called bum-bailiffs, who, with

all the insolence of their office, now produced a warrant to arrest me, at the tailor's suit. This was an event which never before happened to me, and which even, on this occasion, positively never entered my head that it was likely to happen; consequently, both confusion and surprise, were in the very plenitude of excess. "Devil take this finery! and O, what made me list?" was the only exclamation I had time to utter, before the two gentlemen hurried me into the street, where the tallest placed himself about three paces before me, the other about one pace behind me, then stepping out together, double quick! never came to a halt, till four doors, five locks, and as many chains, were all secured after me, in an iron-barred mansion, in Leigh Street, Red Lion Square.

I had not been long in the melancholy company of my solitary self, before one of my escort came to request that I should "pay my footing, for the honour of my first introduction at a sponging-house;" that being the technical term of the abode, where my readers, if they please, may fancy they see me grinning through the bars. Whether I paid them any thing or not, is of little consequence. I was

soon left again to myself. I sat down and became quite cold—I got up, walked to and fro, and became warm—then, like Hamlet, vexed and distracted, gave vent to my indignation in the following soliloquy.

O, that these too, too, solid walls would burst,
Fall, and resolve themselves into smoke!
Or that the tailor first had broke his neck
Who clapt me into limbo! O blood! O blood!
How common, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the fine clothes of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! Does th' infernal scoundrel
Think to make me pay such gross and false charges?
If I do, blow me! That it should come to this!
For one man's bill! nay, not so much, not one,
A paltry tailor when compared with man,
Is, as all the world knows, but one ninth part.
Yet doth the wretch prevent the winds of Heav'n
To breathe upon my face? O, Death and fury!
Must I remember how the bailiffs seized me?
As if increase of insolence from them
Would make me, in a jiffy, down my dust!
Let me not think on't. Mynheer, thy name is villain!
In two short days, or scarce those clothes tried on,
Which he had made to grace my comely body,
Like a wolf he came; and pounced upon me---
'Od rot'm! the wolf that lurks to steal a lamb,
Would have staid longer.---Prison'd by a tailor!

A German tailor ! but no more like honesty,
Than I to Hercules : within two days !
Ere yet the basting threads were well removed,
He left his bill, and wou'd not bate a farthing,
He swore to't; O most wicked wretch!---then seiz'd
With such rascallity---a Spanish Don !
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
'Twill break my heart!---but I must hold my tongue !

It fortunately happened not to be Saturday, when I was marched off to the sponging-house, therefore I had full time to spread the alarm among my friends, who *put in bail*, and obtained my liberty about ten o'clock that same night, after I had paid a shilling for a pint of porter, five shillings for my room, half a crown for a bit of fire, and two or three other little articles called fees.

For several reasons, I shall now lay before the eyes of my readers every item, as it was stated in the tailor's bill; firstly, because it will be, as it were, 'finishing with colours,' that sketch I have already given of the Colonel, the day I beheld him adorned for the levee ; his dress on that day being exactly the same as my new one, with the mere exception

of *quantity*, which must necessarily exist between the dimensions of a gentleman five feet high in his shoes, and a gentleman six feet six in his stockings. Secondly, because I think it will expose the foreigner's effrontery in demanding such a sum for a suit of clothes, and also his dishonesty in refusing to deduct the customary per centage for ready money. Thirdly, because it may possibly suggest a query, why such upstart blood-sucking foreigners are, in almost every branch of business, preferred to our own home-bred industrious countrymen.

Bill delivered.

" Captain Pill Garlick, Loyal Spanish Hussars, to Mynheer Von Shütten-breüchens.

Dr.

" An elegant buff superfine cloth Spanish mantle, lined with superfine scarlet plush, richly trimmed with best broad gold lace, and superfine scarlet cloth..... £21 .. —

" A pair of best rich superfine gold neck devices for the same."..... 5 .. 5—

There's a *superfine* article for you! twenty-six pounds five shillings sterling, for an orna-

mental part of a subaltern's dress, is worthy of admiration—but, oh! I beg pardon, for I find my tailor has promoted me to a troop in the Loyal Spanish Hussars, as appears from the title, at the head of his bill.

" A remarkable fine pair of buff silk stocking pantaloons, lined with fine white cotton stocking web, richly embroidered and trimmed with best gold lace and gold braid, ornamented with scarlet Spanish puffs, &c. &c. &c. &c." ..... 13..2..6

There's an inexpressible article for you, Ladies! when did you see that end of a gentleman's dress, so ingeniously puffed off before, with so many *etceteras?*

" An extra superfine scarlet full dress Spanish regimental hussar jacket, richly embroidered and trimmed with fine broad and narrow gold braid, fine rich gold lace round sleeves, cuffs, collar, and edges, buff cuffs and collar, lined through with rich silk serge." ..... 31..10—

Happy, happy, Pill, when figuring in such an article of taste and elegance your every gesture must be 'dignity and love!'

" A very handsome buff cassimere dress waistcoat, richly embroidered and trimmed with best gold lace, five rows of extra rich gilt barrel buttons, &c." 10..10—

A neat little price for a neat little vest.

" A rich scarlet silk sash, richly trimmed with gold fringe, only"..... 4..14..6

Not having ordered, or supposed that my tailor intended to furnish a sash, I happened to have previously purchased the *exact* same kind, from the *exact* same mercer, from whom the tailor purchased the above, and for which the mercer charged me " *only* " nineteen shillings and sixpence! I can assure my readers that the Dutchman paid not a farthing more for his, because I had the curiosity afterwards to enquire.

" A pair of superfine drab overalls, strapt between the thighs, boot-top leathers round the bottom, steel chains under the feet, &c. &c."..... 5 .. 5 —

He forgot to send the steel chains, but 'twas all a mistake!

" Fine flannel for packing."..... 0..15..—

This last article winds up the tailor's bill, which was of a piece with the whole concern, as the reader may judge, when

I inform him that the "fine flannel for packing," measured a good yard and a half at 4*s.* 2*d.* per yard—make money of that.

Thus the whole amount was 92*l.* 2*s.*

Three of the first, and *supposed* dearest tailors in London, were requested to examine every article, and to put a fair fashionable price upon each.

"Sir," said one, "It is rather unfair to find fault with a man who has acted towards you upon true Christian principles;—he saw you were a stranger and he *took you in.*"

A second laughed, and said it was all fudge. A third, who perhaps was nearest to the mark, said 'A down right robbery by G——!'

Among them, they struck off twenty guineas, slap! from the original sum; the remainder was paid into court; where, for aught I know, or care, it still remains.

An intimate acquaintance of mine pointed out a mode of taking revenge as convenient as it was singular, and perhaps effectual; that was, *to recommend* Mynheer Von Shütten Breüchens *to all my most particu- friends,* which I did with the greatest assiduity; but never ascertained what he lost by it, for two days after I had got clear from

the sponging house, I set off bag and baggage for Plymouth.

In order to beguile the way from London to Plymouth, I will relate a story told by a corpulent Somersetshire farmer, whom we happened to take into the coach at Salisbury. Passing over that famous plain, which bears the same name as the city, a tidy little female passenger, whose tongue kept us all from sleep, enquired if the coach drove near the spot, where the three remarkable stones are to be seen, known by the name of "Stone Henge." The Somersetshire farmer being the only one of the company at all acquainted with the country, answered the lady's question in the negative, and then commenced his own remarks upon those curious stones. He said there were a great many tales told about them, some of which he candidly confessed he did not put much faith in; but among the most correct accounts, the following, he said, was the first, for "various authors had published it in print as their *sartin* opinions."

"In days of ore, there was mortal battles, and zivil fights between the Pikes and Drids; but at last, they all comes to a sort of an

agreement about an intercession of harms." —Here the little lady, who I felt fidgeting beside me, could no longer restrain her impatience to correct the farmer, who, in truth, was holding forth in a language quite unintelligible to the majority of the passengers. But the little cockney lady (for such she proved to be) explained that the gentleman meant "in days of yore, ven the Picts and Druids had civil vars amongst them, they at length agreed to a cessation of arms."

"Well, well, a zezation of harms like," said the farmer, not wishing to be interrupted, "and zo the two parties appointed this here place, where them there stones lie, to make a general peace, and when they comes to the ground, one of the parties laid down their harms, which no zooner did the other party zee, than they attackted them, hammer and tongs, and killed them all to a man. Then after the battle they built a temple, and the stones in question, were the door posts."

Of the stories relative to Stone Henge, which he did not thoroughly credit, was this; indeed, he swore downright, that it was a fiction from beginning to ending.

"An old woman who lived near the sea-

coast in Ireland, had a great many meetings with the devil. One day the old Irish woman and the devil, had a devil of a dispute about a silver spoon, when the devil pulled her by the nose, and she got in a devil of a passion, and took up these stones and flung them at the devil's head; but they missed the devil, and never touched any thing 'till they landed safe on Salisbury Plain."

It was entertaining to hear the home-spun lingo of the Somersetshire farmer, corrected every now and then, by the nice mincing tone of the Vestminster vench, who really vas vimsically vitty, and afforded us all a wast deal of amusement.

When I arrived at Plymouth, I waited upon the agent for transports, for an order to embark, which I expected would have been instantly granted to any character professing to fight the French; but the name of my regiment not appearing on the list of the army, nor ever having been heard of by any body in the neighbourhood, and the name of Pill Garlick being equally strange, and not appearing in the whole list of Lieutenants, though strictly examined by every clerk in the office, I was immediately suspected to

be some *Chevalier d'Industrie* and was sent about my business, with a remonstrance that would probably have been rather discouraging to any young officer just making his *debut*, if he happened not to have had a little previous experience in the school of difficulty and opposition.

Unless I *raised the wind* by pawning half the kit with which I had just provided myself, I could not think of venturing on board a packet; so I settled my cravat, brushed my hat and coat, and set out for the Governor's. I there requested an audience of his Excellency, which in the course of a few hours was granted.

"Please your Excellency" (hems and haws you know are understood) "the agent for transports has refused to order me a passage to Lisbon."

"He acted very right, I dare say. Who are you? or what are you?" said his Excellency, Old England for ever!

"Please your Excellency I have lately enlisted, and I am going out to join my regiment, which I am told is in Spain."

"What regiment?"

"A Loyal Legion of Spanish Hussars, please your Excellency."

" And what have I to do with your Loyal Spanish Hussars?—a pretty loyal set I dare say."

" Sir, I am a Lieutenant of the corps."

" What's that to me.—How do I know that your a Lieutenant; you may be a Trumpeter for what I know."

" Oh! if that's all, I can shew your Excellency the Uniform, I'll go and put it on if your Excellency will allow me."

" D——n your uniform! I dare say it's all very fine, but what's that to me! His Majesty's transports are for His Majesty's troops, and not passage-boats for your loyal Spanish Hussars."

" General if you refuse me a passage, it is all over with Pill Garlick, for I know not how I shall join my regiment, unless you are kind enough to grant me one."

The General growled and considered, and growled again; but at last said he would give an order for my being received on board a transport, but — 'the devil a morcel of rations.'

I thanked him most kindly, and said that I was perfectly satisfied, as a passage was all I required; so I embarked that same evening, and next morning the wind being fair and

blowing fresh from the N. E. we weighed and put to sea in company with a convoy of thirty sail with troops for Lisbon. But as the winds are variable as the minds of men, we were buffetted about the bay of Biscay for twenty four days before we reached our destination.

The Captain of the transport related with so much spirit a circumstance, that actually occurred on board his ship a short time before I embarked, that I think I retain enough of it, to be able to present rather an interesting sketch to my readers.

The ship being in need of two or three boys, of whom a certain number are always allowed. The Captain wrote to his owners for them, and in as short a time as possible they sent him three from London. Among those three was a stout chubby country lad, who soon distinguished himself in the ship by doing every duty both below and aloft with the greatest alacrity and cheerfulness. This lad received the nick-name of Molly from his messmates, on account of the softness of his voice, and the species of songs he sung; but more particularly for having one day made a curtsey instead of a bow to the Captain for

a hat with which the latter was presenting him to replace one that had fallen overboard, when he was aloft furling the main-top-gallant sail.

Molly continued his duty and his songs to the perfect satisfaction of his shipmates, till one morning, when wringing a swab at the starboard gangway, he happened to lose his ballast, and capsized heels over head smack overboard; but was soon picked up again, without any other mischance, save what Voltaire assures us must have happened to Cæsar's Commentaries, if the author, as he declares, held them between his teeth when he swam a river, *viz.* a desperate wetting. Soon as Molly was hauled on board, he ran below to shift his rigging, in doing which, Jemmy, a Yorkshire youth, solicitous about the health of his messmate, poked his head down the hatchway, and sung out, "I say, Molly! you're not hurt none, are ye, boy?" At this critical moment Molly had just pulled his wet shirt over his head; but, being in too violent a hurry, he forgot beforehand to unbutton the wristbands, and from this neglect, Molly of course became so entangled in the sleeves, as to leave his naked person exposed to

the curious eye of his messmate, Jemmy. "Lord, O Lord, Molly! what great breasts thee have got!—My Stars!!!—Why, Molly, they be for all the world like the breasts of a maid!"

Jemmy uttered this in the true Yorkshire accent, and then scampered to tell Tom, Tom told Bill, Bill told Ben, Ben told Jack; so away went Tom, Bill, Ben, Jack, and after them the rest of the crew, to see what Jemmy had just reported, in the full ecstasy of agreeable surprise. But with all their haste they were too late, for Molly soon released his hands from their perverse imprisonment, and had already got the dry shirt fairly on, and buttoned at the neck, before they arrived at the hatchway. This disappointment only made them the more curious; (sailors are curious fish!) they pulled, and hauled, and tickled and pinched, and pestered poor Molly to such a tune, that he was obliged to run for succour to the quarter-deck; there Molly, with sobs and tears, addressed the Captain.

"Sir,——Sir,——I beg——your pardon,——Sir,——a——a——"

"What the hell's the matter with you, boy?"

" Sir, I——I'm——I am——I——"

" Why the devil don't you speak out, you blubbering skite, you ?"

" Well, Sir,——they won't let me alone ——and I——I am not——I am not a boy,——"

" You won't do what?" said the Captain, not understanding a word that was said.

" Damn my wig, Sir," said Jemmy, " if I don't think that Molly is a Molly in good earnest, for I saw something just now, that ——" Jemmy here explained in full; and, in a very short time, Molly turned up, as Jemmy shrewdly guessed, a Molly in good earnest. Her tale (the sex is now changed) was nearly to the following purpose.

Her father and mother were of that strange itinerant clan of licensed robbers, called Gipseys, with whom she was educated; but the treatment she received from her parents, as she grew up, was so severe, that she resolved to cut the connection, and to that end, one night, while the family lay snoring in a ditch, she emptied into her apron the contents of a box, containing ribbands, pins, needles, and other trumpery, with which she took the liberty to abscond, and bent her way to Lon-

don. There she purchased from an old clothes-man, a sailor's jacket and trowsers, in which she rigged herself, and bore up for Wapping to seek her fortune. She had not been long in that sea-faring place before she fell in with one of those kidnappers, who, I have been informed, are employed by ship-owners for the purpose of *coaxing* boys into their service; with him she went, and bound herself an apprentice to the sea; and a few days afterwards was sent to join the transport, which my readers know I am now on board of.

Molly's history appeared so interesting to her shipmates, that they instantly raised a subscription to enable her to seek a fortune elsewhere; but being only sixteen years of age, the Captain, very prudently, undertook to preserve her from further pinching and tickling by the sailors, and, therefore, locked her up in his own cabin till he found it convenient to put her on shore; where, it was afterwards discovered, that she had returned to her parents, and with them resumed her former pursuits.

I am now sailing up the Tagus, and the grand scenery of Lisbon opens like a splendid panorama to the view.

" But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of sourtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed; unhurt."

I landed at the castle of Belem, and proceeded to the city, where I took up my lodging at a beastly hotel, near the fish-market; I had no choice, for, as Childe Harold tells us, 'hut and palace show like filthily.'

I found the streets crowded with unfortunate families and out-cast wretches, who had been compelled to desert their homes and seek a refuge in the metropolis from the ravages of their merciless invaders. However, I fear they there found but an inhospitable asylum; for, in Portugal, those who possess the means of assisting the poor, are a cold inglorious set, who seldom open the hand of charity, but with mean and niggardly reluctance. Yet, after all, this is a matter of little wonder

" In a nation swoln with ignorance and pride."

With respect to the city, notwithstanding many prodigious threats from the Intendant-general of Police to have it cleaned by contract, it was in the same mucky state as I have described it in my first volume; nauseous mounds of filth still impeded the progress of passengers,---dead cats, dogs, mules, horses, asses, rats, mice,---all, find a peaceful grave in the streets of the capital of Portugal. And yet the Portuguese, with a solemnity peculiar to inflated ignorance, extol the splendour and finery of their metropolis, even by a proverb,

> '*Quien no ha vista Lisboa,*
> *No ha vista cosa boa.*'

Which, as I feel inspired by the theme, is well worth translating.---

> Who have not seen fair Lisbon city,
> Never saw nothing fine nor pretty.
> *Da Capo, ad libitum.*

When a stranger first visits Lisbon he is surprised at the number of dogs he meets with in every direction; but soon discovers their utility, for they are the true scavengers of the town; and was it not for their stomachs,

the atmosphere would become insupportable to man or beast. This was proved by General Junot, who, during his short government of Lisbon, ordered all the dogs to be destroyed, and even offered premiums for their heads. The latter, we may easily suppose, was unnecessary, for when cruelty and destruction is the order of the day, the natural spirit of the French soldier requires no stimulus. Thousands of dogs were bayoneted into the Tagus in a few days; but ere long their loss began to be felt, as no means could be found to perform their duties so effectually, and every precaution against making the streets the receptacle for filth was equally without effect. So that the breed was again encouraged; but not before disease had made its appearance in various parts of the city.

It is ridiculous enough to see those animals in the middle of the street, sitting like philosophers, quite indifferent about what is passing round them, and gazing patiently above for their daily bread, which they are accustomed to receive from the windows. Towards dusk, however, they are all upon the alert, and as they associate in tribes, each tribe keeping possession of a certain number of

streets, woe to that dog who ventures to forage upon his neighbour's territory. No sooner is he perceived than an alarm is given, —then follows a general hallaboloo! and nothing can save the marauder from inevitable death, unless, by good fortune, he happens to have the speed of his pursuers, and keeps the lead till he clears their boundaries, for there it appears to be enacted, that none shall follow their game off their own ground.

These dogs, although they are to all intents and purposes wild dogs, and have evidently a *dash* of the wolf in their breed, never molest a passenger, nor do they take the least notice of a domesticated dog, or one who peaceably follows his master.

A few days after I arrived at Lisbon, I had occasion to get up early one morning, to secure a front place, for viewing the execution of a young Portuguese officer (of noble family I believe) who had been found guilty of corresponding with Junot, and acting as a spy for the enemy.

The concourse of people of every description was immense. About twelve o'clock,

the culprit, dressed in a long loose white robe, and a high white cap, walked barefooted from his prison, to the place of execution; and although he was surrounded with Priests, Monks, and all the different sects of superstition, with which the country abounds, they were not able to inspire him with that fortitude which, from his age and profession, one had some reason to expect. A black cross, with a large graven image fixed upon it, was carried before him; and from this he never once turned his streaming eyes, till he came in sight of the fatal spot, where he was to expiate his crime: he then bewailed his fate aloud, and received such a drenching of holy water, as to move the heart of every honest heretic (or Englishman) to compassion; some of whom, I afterwards heard declare, that they could scarce refrain from calling out 'Shame! shame! shame!' upon the unmerciful monks, who administered the aqueous blessing. When the unfortunate young man arrived at the scaffold, he was so much overcome with what he suffered, and was going to suffer, that he was obliged to be supported to the top, by two lusty friars, who gave him, with their benedictions, into the

hands of the executioner. This gentleman being quite unused to ceremony, soon made his unhappy charge sit down with his back against a post, which ran up through the middle of the scaffolding; a cord was then fixed round his throat, and round the post, and by means of a short stick put into the double of the cord, it was twisted (or ought to have been twisted) till the culprit was deprived of life. In this instance, the punishment must have been very severe, for the cord broke, when the poor fellow was only half strangled; and the moment he obtained free respiration, he made so violent an exertion, as to force the cap from his face, which was sadly distorted. A second cord was applied, and was again giving way, when the executioner was obliged to stop twisting, till a stronger was procured, and at last terminated the existence of the unfortunate sufferer. The body was then stretched along the scaffolding, which was surrounded with pitch barrels, and set fire to, till all was consumed; the ashes were then gathered into a heap, and thrown into the sea, according to the sentence of his judge.

The Portuguese have fixed upon Shrove Tuesday (why I know not) for bruising people's heads, spoiling people's fine clothes, and breaking people's windows. On this day millions of oranges are pelted in Portugal, for the amusement of some, and annoyance of others. Between mid-day and four o'clock no one can pass through the streets, without being daubed with that fruit, drenched with all sorts of water, or dusted with flour.

In the street leading from the head of Rua Alecrim, to the place Rousio, in the city of Lisbon (not a quarter of a mile) upon a moderate calculation, there were upwards of twenty-thousand five hundred oranges, flung from the windows at people's heads, *pour faire passer le tems*, on the pan-cake day that I witnessed there. Some purchased the oranges by hundreds, some by dozens, some by sacksfull, some by pen'orths, and some, probably, lower; but if I say that, in the stated distance, there were only two thousand people waggishly disposed, it is allowing only ten oranges and a quarter to each of them; which, considering the street to be a principal thorough-fare, every house four or five story high, and that every flat or story of a Lisbon

house, was inhabited, at that period, by one, two, three, and sometimes four different families, the calculation is certainly modestly moderate.

Strangers and cunning folk think to escape the pelting, by sneaking sideways close along the walls of the houses; but the mischievous effects of well-directed squirts, and tremendous showers from the utensils above, followed by dustings with flour, resembling a snow storm, soon compel the cautious passenger to edge off into the middle of the street, where he is instantly assailed from numerous orange batteries, with unceasing vollies, till the poor bruised, powdered, and half-drowned wretch, has ran the whole gauntlet, or absconded through some filthy lane, for there is no retreat into the houses, all doors being carefully closed previous to the hour of attack.

Being entitled from my rank and dignity, as I conceived, to be borne on horseback, I made my way to Lisbon fair, and there purchased a pair of long-tailed cattle, one of them a small stout bright bay, in tolerable condition, which induced me, in all proba-

bility, to give him the name of 'Brown Stout.' The other was by no means a match for him, being rather above the common standard, high in bone, and milk white; take him all and all, he was a sightly animal, and struck my fancy as being admirably adapted for a '*full dress*' charger; his head, to be sure, was a little larger than I could have wished, though it was no more than in full proportion to his ears, one of which he always thrust right out before him, with a great degree of self-conceit; the other having a large split in it, he was not so proud of, and very properly kept it as much in the rear as he advanced the other. His mane was flowing, and white as his body, his tail something of an orange hue, swept the ground, but was not bushy; on the contrary, it had a tendency towards that description of tail, which jockeys remark, is seldom to be seen to a bad horse, I mean, the 'rat.' His pace and carriage altogether, proved that he must have had a good education in his youth, for it was at all times uniform and steady, and made it appear as if the creature trod upon spring boards, instead of the solid earth; causing a sensation to the rider, similar to that which is expe-

rienced by the motion of a sedan chair. All these perfections, together with the length of his limbs, cut of his carcass, and general appearance, induced me to call him 'Flying Jib.'

Several friends, equally clever judges of horse flesh as myself, and to the full as knowing in the mode of training and 'getting into condition,' recommended me to put him through a regular course of physic, which I immediately commenced, first, by bleeding, then by giving a rattling dose of purgative medicine. When I supposed that it had 'set all his humours afloat,' I gave, in due time, a second dose, 'to carry those humours off;' and when that had operated to my satisfaction as copiously as the first, I gave a third, for the purpose of scouring out the whole internal system, and for carrying off in a torrent, any little matter that might have accidentally remained in the stomach.

I paid for Flying Jib thirty-five hard dollars, but by the time he got through his third dose, I would have been happy to have disposed of him for the value of his white hide, for I thought the poor fellow could never recover the effects of his 'regular course

of medicine.' I felt convinced, in my own mind, that the apothecary had mixed up some pernicious drugs, on purpose to poison my horse, though others assured me that the aperients which I had prescribed, were too violent even for an elephant. In the end, by care and attention, with a little oats and barley (which it appeared he stood most in need of) I succeeded in bringing him tolerably to himself, which, upon the whole, was nothing to boast of, considering his doctoring cost me something more than twice the prime cost. Signior Juan Ignacio Pinto Silva de Sousa, was the name of my head groom, (a cobler or a cobler's servant is SIGNIOR in Portugal, and values his dignity according to the number of his names.) He was a smart, good-looking, active lad; in appearance superior to the country which claimed him as a native, but in principles belied her in nothing. As the price of forage was much above the tariff of moderation, and as I got no rations from the Spaniards at Lisbon, because they had none to give, nor from the English because they would not give to those they knew nothing of, I made a practice of seeing my horses fed every day; but still instead of their getting

tolerably fat, they got intolerably lean. I was puzzled, for I gave them no work. Juan himself agreed with me, that it was very surprizing, they having as much Indian corn, barley, chopped straw, and water, as they could tuck in; and as for the grooming part, he swore by Santa Maria, Jesu, and Jozé, crossing himself at the same time, that the horses of the Bishop, were not taken one half so much care of. This declaration of Signior Juan in favour of himself, was, I thought, a little stronger than what the case deserved, and from that moment I determined to keep a sharp look out upon all his movements. It was not long before I discovered that, like many of his neighbours, he had a sort of a yearning after the *beau sex*, who, we all know, can at times make both master and man perform strange tricks.

Juan Ignacio Pinto Silva de Sousa had formed a sort of a connection with a Señorita who lived as laundry maid at a *Quinta*, about two leagues from Lisbon, with whom he kept up a very constant intercourse, and close intimacy by means of my horses. Whenever I returned from an airing, the careful Juan enquired where my 'Signorie' was

likely to be for the rest of the evening, and if my answer appeared to favour his designs, one of the beasts, according to its turn, was sure to convey him, with a lover's speed, to the arms of his mistress, where, after 'pouring out the sweet enchantment of his soul!', he used to hasten back to Lisbon upon his post-horse of love, a name which my horses were well entitled to for the space of three weeks. I said nothing more than, "hark ye, Signior Juan Ignacio Pinto Silva de Sousa, *vaya vossa merced con Dios,*" and then pushed him out of the stable with my foot; for I considered the fellow too base to compliment his shoulders with my cane.

A French lieutenant, who had been taken prisoner at Coimbra, told me of the following *jeu de mot* on the word 'Corse,' which I think my readers will not be displeased at having introduced here.

When the Comedy called '*Le Serail de Constantinople,*' appeared at Paris, an actor of the name of 'La Corse,' performed with great applause the part of 'Madam Angot,' which gave rise to the following *jeu de mot,* or *jeu d'esprit;* perhaps it is both.

La Corse de Madam Angot,
N'est pas le Corse de la Corse,
Car le Corse de Marengo
Est d'un bien plus dur écorce.
L'un nous prend notre argent
Pour faire aller sa comédie,
L'autre fait couler notre sang
Pour achever sa Trajédie.

Now, my readers must know that to translate a *jeu d'esprit* or a *jeu de mot*, is almost impossible; therefore, if I undertake to convert the above into another tongue, it will be nothing less than undertaking to destroy it; but I feel such a desire to adapt my book to the *meanest* capacities, that I have ventured to metamorphose the above into a versification, entirely my own, though at the same time preserving the full meaning of the original.

The fam'd La Corse of Madam Angot
Is not the Corsican of Corsica
For the Corsican of Marengo
Is more than fifty times as coarse again.
By our cash the first obtains his food,
But pleases with his Comedy;
T'other lives by lavishing our blood,
In keeping up his Tragedy.

One day, in strolling through an orange grove, near that magnificent aqueduct which supplies the city with water, my ear was surprized by a female voice singing to the tinkling of a guitar. Having a soul for music, I stole softly to the spot which was 'thick over head with shady roof embower'd,' but had scarcely got there before the Syren ceased, and another voice instantly struck up the following ditty, in as deep and melancholy a tone as ever I recollect to have heard,

"A, sheer, hulk, lies, poor, Tom, Bowling,
The, darling, of, our, crew.
No, more, he'll hear, the, tempest, howling;
For, Death, has broached—"

"Hallo! there—Damn my top-lights, who's that?"—said the songster, starting up and advancing with both fists clenched to where I had betrayed myself by a violent cough, occasioned by cramming my gloves and handkerchief into my mouth to stifle a laugh which was absolutely irresistible.

"What!—Pill Garlick!!—I say Pill!!!

can this be you !—surely I don't mistake the cut of your jib ?"

" It is, Tom, my boy, it is," said I, still coughing, and scarcely able to speak.

" Why Pill, where the devil have you come from ? you may bless your stars that I did not make you spring your luff, for I thought you were a privateer going to board us in the smoke."

" To tell the truth, Tom, I deserved a shot, for I confess it was curiosity induced me to peep at what I suspected was natural enough to be passing during the heat of the day, between an amorous pair in such a love-inspiring place as this is. And when I twigged the phiz of my old fellow-prisoner—my old messmate, honest Tom ! I determined to lay too, and see how the scene would end; but when, in answer to the little sprightly air your consort sung so tastily, I heard you strike up that infernal doleful ditty, 'pon my soul I could hold my wind no longer. But never mind, Tom, my good fellow, how goes it, and what brought you here ?"

" Why Pill my hearty, I came on shore this morning for a bit of a cruise, and chanced to fall in with this dasher near Belem, with

her music under her arm, so I took her in tow, and we both brought up where you found us, and where we"————Oh! that's enough, Tom, I dare say you hauled her fore-sail up, and shortened sail here for very good reasons; but, although I was curious to peep, I do not wish to overhaul you upon every transaction,—so, how is every inch of you, my tight fellow?—I am dev'lish glad to see you."

"Cheerly boy, cheerly! how goes it with you?"

"Right merrily, Tom, but as usual, rather hard up."

"I say Pill, what sort of geer is that you sport now? you're not turned lobster, I hope, are you?"

"By my faith Tom, I was forced to list, and I am now on my way to Spain to play at soldiers for a while. But Tom! whisper; I don't want to spoil sport; I'll sheer off for the present; you can find me out in the sky parlour at the Golden Lion, where I will be happy to see you whenever you give us a hail;—but I will not suffer you to desert your convoy on my account.

"Oh! as for that matter, I have been here these two hours, and would have parted company after I had finished that stave I was chaunting when you hove in sight; she's no great shakes, so I'll tip her this dollar, and send her adrift."

Tom immediately cast off his tow, and hooking on by me, we steered homeward, where it can very easily be imagined that two old messmates who had not seen each other since they had happened to have been shut up in the citadel of Verdun, (for kicking up a row in a ball-room,) did not want conversation during the punishment of a few bowls of blazing punch. Punch-makers abroad generally set fire to the spirit, and by that means, ladies, our punch is served up blazing.

Tom was much amused at the history of my escape, and told me, that, in consequence of my being so soon missed, the odds in all the clubs of Verdun, were at least five to two against my succeeding.

But after I had shewed the example, and proved that it was possible to *chouse* Wirion, his *gens d'armes*, his spies, and his police,

scarce a week passed that somebody did not cut and run. Tom said he gave the slip one squally night, in company with three others, and worked Tom Cox's traverse all through Belgium and Holland till they came to the mouth of the Scheld, where, after a smart action with a parcel of fishermen, they carried a boat, put to sea, and boarded a British cruiser that was in the offing.

It is well known, that all the threats, punishments, and tyrannical measures pursued by Wirion and his worthy accomplice, Courcel, against the midshipmen at Verdun, were treated by the latter with the most scornful indifference and contempt. A proof how the perilous exploits and extraordinary escapes of those jolly sea-ploughing reefers annoyed and astonished the iron-hearts of their persecutors, is well evinced by what that self-same tyrant, Colonel Courcel, happened to say in the course of conversation with an English Colonel.

"Pray tell me, *Monsieur le Colonel, s'il vous plait;*" said Courcel to the British officer, "have you ever read the Bible *par hasard?*"

"Yes, Sir, I have, once or twice;" replied the Colonel.

"Do you recollect the history about the plagues with which *le Bon Dieu* visited the Egyptians?"

"Perfectly, Sir," said the Colonel.

"Well then, *Monsieur le Colonel*, permit me to tell you, that God Almighty might have saved himself a great deal of trouble, if he had just sent three or four hundred English midshipmen among them, for they would have plagued *Messieurs les Egyptiens* more than all the plagues that have ever been invented before or since. And as to a rope!—*O mon Dieu!* if by any accident an English midshipman gets into Heaven, he will surely make his escape the first dark night, if he happens to find a little bit of a rope, *(même un tout petit morceau!)*"

Tom, who, I have said, was formerly my messmate and fellow-prisoner, having obtained promotion immediately after his escape from Verdun, still continued his original profession, and, at the period I so unexpectedly fell in with him under the orange-bower, he was second lieutenant on board the

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Dreadnought. The last time I saw him was when I was leaving Lisbon for Aldea Gallega on my way to join my Loyal Hussars.

Crossing the Tagus, the bean-cod, in which I was stowed with Brown Stout, Flying-jib, and all my baggage, passed close under the stern of the Dreadnought, where Tom happened to be walking the poop.

"Ship, a hoy!" said I.

"Hallo!" said Tom.

"Fare ye well, Tom! Here I go!

"A pleasant cruise to you, Pill! A pleasant cruise! I wish you luck, my boy; I wish you luck!"

"I say, Tom! If I weather out this gale, I will, one day or other, give you a journal of all my military adventures,---of Spain,---of Spaniards,---of Spanish manners,---and of Spanish girls."

I had not time to say any thing more, for the tide running strong flood, and the eastern breeze blowing fresh, swept us hastily along, and soon brought us to the desired port, where the company all blessed their stars at getting rid of a chattering fellow, who imagined he afforded much entertainment to the company,

by reading a book, of which he had the stupid vanity to set himself up as author; and it was easy to perceive, that he fancied he displayed much wit and originality, because now and then he happened to excite a laugh from his hearers at some low phrase or borrowed joke, with which his narration was abundantly interlarded. A steady-looking gentleman, in a single-breasted coat and black stockings, who sat next to me, made a very happy remark upon the occasion.

"Strange," said he, "how some people like to indulge in that low style of narrative, which, in fact, sins no less against good taste than against good manners, for it is no less vulgar than wicked, and certain to be excluded from the circles of good society; it is like a malicious joke, which may excite a laugh, but can never win the heart, — *Les rieurs seront pour vous, on prend plaisir à vos malignités, mais on vous redoute en sécret.*"

"Very true, indeed, Sir, said I to the old gentleman, "and all this is doubly culpable, when the author tears and tatters other peoples works to patch his own."

If we had time, I think, we might compose

a very fit epitaph for all such indefatigable scribblers out of the following lines:

* * * * *

" Au peu d'esprit que le bon homme avoit
L'esprit d'autrui par supplément servoit,
Il entassoit adage sur adage ;
Il compiloit, compiloit, compiloit,
On le voyoit sans cesse écrire, écrire,
Ce qu'il avoit jadis entendu dire,
Et nous lassoit, sans jamais se lasser."

ADIEU!

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland Street, Strand

ERRATA.

Page 21, line 3, for *thora*, read *thoro*.
40, — 15, for *levy*, read *levee*.
152, — 23, for *Wlodowa*, read *Woldowa*.
207, — 17, for *colonade*, read *colonnade*.

Any thing else that requires correction, the reader is requested to alter it to his or her taste.

BINDING SECT. JUN 14 1965

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Temple, Edmond
Memoirs of myself

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